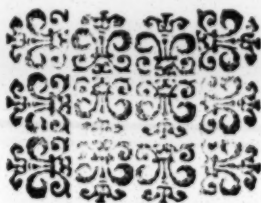


POEMS.

Y. B Y 12.36
J. C.
John Cleveland

WITH
ADDITIONS.



(18)

Printed in the Year 1651.

28

59-1162



TO THE
STATE of LOVE,
OR,
The Senses Festival.

I Saw a Vision yesternight
Enough to tempt a *Seekers* sight :
I wisht my self a *Shaker* there ,
And her quick pulse my trembling sphear.
It was a She so glittering bright :
You'd think her soul an *Adamite*.
A person of so rare a frame,
Her bodie might be lin'd with 'same.
Beauties chiefeſt Maid of Honour :
You'd break a Lent with looking on her.
Not the fair Abbess of the skies,
With all her Nunnery of eyes ,
Can shew me such a glorious prize.
And yet, because 't is more renown
To make a shadow shine, she's brown ;
A brown, for which, Heaven would disband
The Gallaxye, and stars be tann'd.
Brown by reflection , as her eye
Dazels the Summers livery.

Old dormant windows must confesse,
 Her beams their glimmering spectacles;
 Struck with the splendour of her face,
 Do th' office of a burning-glass.

Now, where such radiant lights have shown,
 No wonder if her cheeks be grown
 Sun-burnt with lustre of her own.

My sight took pay, but (thank my charms)
 I now empale her in mine arms,
 (Loves Compasses) confining you
 Good Angels, to a Compass too.
 Is not the Universe strait-lac't,
 When I can clasp it in the Waste?
 My amorous foulds about thee hurl'd,
 With *Drake*, I compass in the world.
 I hoop the Firmament, and make;
 This my Embrace the Zodiack.

How would thy Center take my Sense,
 When Admiration doth commenie,
 At the extream Circumference.

Now to the melting kiss that sips
 The jelly'd Philtre of her lips
 So sweet, there is no tongue can phras't,
 Till transubstantiate with a taste,
 Inspir'd like *Mahomet* from above,
 By th' billing of my heav'nly Dove;
 Love prints her Signets in her smacks,
 Those Ruddy drops of squeezing wax;
 Which, wheresoever she imparts,
 They're Privie Seals to take up hearts.

Our

P O E M S.

Our Mouthes encountering at the sport,
 My slippery soul had quit the fort,
 But that she stopt the Salley-port.
 Next to those sweets her lips dispence,
 As Twin-conserves of Eloquence;
 The sweet perfume her breath affords,
 Incorporating with her words;
 No Rosary this Votress needs,
 Her very syllables are beads.
 No sooner 'twixt those Rubies born
 But Jewels are in Ear-rings worn.
 With what delight her speech doth enter,
 It is a kiss oth' second venter.

And I dissolve at what I hear,
 As if another *Rosomond* were
 Couch'd in the Labyrinth of my Ear. |
 Yet, that 's but a preludious bliss,
 Two souls pickearing in a kiss.
 Embraces do but draw the Line,
 'T is storming that must take her in:
 When Bodies whine, and victory hovers
 'Twixt the equal fluttering Lovers,
 This is the game, make stakes my Dear,
 Hark how the sprightly *Chanticleer*,
 That Baron *Tell-clock* of the night,
 Sounds *Boot-esel* to *Cupids* knight.

Then have at all, the pass is got,
 For coming off, oh name it not:
 Who would not die upon the spot.

THE
HECATOMB
TO HIS
MISTRESSE.

BE dumb ye beggers of the rhiming trade,
Geld the loose wits, and let the Muse be spaid.
Charge not the parish with the bastard phrase
Of Balm, Elixar, both the Indias,
Of shrine, saint, sacrilege, and such as these
Expressions, common as their Mistresses.
Hence ye fantastick Postillers in song,
My text defeats your art, ties natures tongue,
Scorns all his tinsil'd metaphors of pelf,
Illustrated by nothing but his self.
As Spiders travel by their bowels spun
Into a thread, and when the race is run,
Wind up their journey in a living clew,
So is it with my Poetry and you.
From your own essence must I first untwine,
Then twist again each Panegyrick line.
Reach then a soaring Quill that I may write,
As with a Jacobs staff to take the height.
Suppose an Angel darting through the air,
Should there encounter a religious prayer
Mounting to Heaven, that Intelligence
Should for a Sunday-suit thy breath condense

Into

Into a body. Let me crack a string
 In ventring higher ; were the note I sing
 Above heavens *Ela*, should I undecline,
 And with a deep-mouth'd *Gammut* sound agen
 From pole to pole, I could not reach her worth,
 Nor find an Epithet to set it forth.
 Mettals may blazon common beauties, she
 Makes pearl and planets humble herauldy.
 As then a purer substance is defin'd,
 But by an heap of Negatives combin'd ;
 Ask what a spirit is, you 'l hear them crie
 It hath no matter, no mortalitie :
 So can I not define how sweet, how fair ,
 Onely I say she's not as others are.
 For what perfections we to others grant ,
 It is her sole perfection to want.
 All other forms seem in respect of thee
 The Almanacks mishap'd Anatomie,
 Where *Aries*, head and face; *Bull*, neck and throat ;
 The *Scorpion* gives the secrets; knees, the *Goat* :
 A brief of limbs foul as those beasts, or are
 Their name-fak'd signs in their strange character.
 As the Philosophers to every Sence
 Marry its object, yet with some dispence,
 And grant them a polygamie withal ,
 And these their *common Sensibles* they call :
 So is't with her, who stinted unto none,
 Unites all Sences in each action.
 The same beam heats and lights; to see her well,
 Is both to hear and feel, to taste and smell.

For can you want a palate in your eyes,
 When each of his contains a double prize,
Venus his apple? can th' eyes want nose,
 When from each cheek buds forth a fragrant Rose?
 Or can the sight be deaf, if she but speak,
 A well-tun'd face such moving Rhetorick?
 Doth not each look a flash of light'ning feel
 Which spare the bodies sheath, and melts the steel?
 Thy soul must needs confess. or grant thy sense
 Corrupted with the objects excellence.
 Sweet Magick, which can make five senses lye
 Conjur'd within the circle of an eye.
 In whom since all the Five are intermixt,
 Oh now that *Scaliger* would prove his fixt.
 Thou man of mouth, that canst not name a She
 Unless all nature pay a Subsidie,
 Whose language is a Tax, whose Musk-cat verse
 Voids nought but flowers for thy Muses herse,
 Fitter than *Celia's* looks, who in a trice
 Canst state the long disputed Paradise:
 And with Divines hunt with so cold a sent,
 Canst in her bosom find it resident.
 Now come aloft, come, come and breath a vein,
 And give some vent unto thy daring strain.
 Say the Astrologer, who spells the Stars,
 In that fair Alphabet reads Peace and Wars,
 Mistakes his Globe, and in her brighter eye
 Interprets Heavens phisognomy.
 Call her the Metaphysicks of her Sex,
 And say she tortures wits, as *Quartans* vex

Phy-

Physitians : call her the *Square Circle*, say '
She is the very rule of *Algebra*.
What ere you undertake not, say 't of her,
For that's the way to write her Character.
Say this and more, and when thou hop'st to raise
Thy fanſie ſo as to incloſe her praiſe,
Alas poor *Gotham* with thy Cookko hedge,
Hyperboles are here but ſacriledge.
Then rouse up Muſe, what thou haſt reveal'd out
Some comments clear not, but increaſe the doubt.
She that affords poor mortals not a glance
Of knowledge, but is known by ignorance,
She that commits a rape on every ſence,
Whoſe breath can countermaund a peſtilence,
She that can ſtrike the beſt invention dead,
Till baſſed Poetry hangs down her head,
She, ſhe it is, She that contains all bliſs,
And make the world but her Periphrasis,

U P O N



U P O N

Sir T H O M A S M A R T I N ,

Who subscribed a Warrant thus :

*We the Knights and Gentlemen of the
Committee, &c. when the* was
no Knight but himself.

By M^r C L E V E L A N D.

HAng out a flag, and gather pence apiece
(Which *Africke* never bred, nor swelling *Greece*
With stories timpany) a beast so rare
No *Lecturers* wrought cap, nor *Bartlemew* Fare
Can match him; Natures whimsy, one that out-vyes
Tredeskin, and his ark of Novelties.
The *Gog* and *Magog* of prodigious fights
With reverence to your eyes, Sir *Thomas Knights* :
But is this bigamy of titles due ?
Are you Sir *Thomas*, and Sir *Martin* too ?
Issachar Couchant 'twixt a brace of Sirs ,
Thou Knighthood in a pair of Panniers :
Thou that look'st wrapt up in thy Warlike leather,
Like *Valentine* and *Orson* bound together,
Spurs representative ! thou that art able
To be a *Voider* to King *Arthurs* Table :
Who in this sacrilegious mass of all
It seems ha's swallowed *Windsors* Hospital.

Pair-

POEMS.

9

Pair-royal headed *Cerberus* his Cozen :
Hercules labours were a Bakers dozen.
 Had he but trump on thee whose forked neck
 Might well have answered at the Font for *Smek*;
 But can a Knighthood on a Knighthood lie
 Mettal on Mettal is ill Armorie.
 And yet the known *Godfrey* of *Bulloin*'s coat
 Shines in exception to the Heraulds vote.
 Great spirits move not by pedantick laws,
 Their actions though eccentric, state the cause,
 And *Priscan* bleeds with honour ; *Cæsar* thus
 Subscrib'd two Consuls with one *Julius*.
Tom never oaded Squire, scarce Yeoman high ,
 Is *Tom* twice dipt Knight of a double dy ?
 Fond man ! whose fate is in his name betray'd ,
 It is the setting Sun doubles his shade ;
 But its no matter, for *Amphibious* he.
 May have a Knight hang'd, yet *Sir Tom* go free.

On

*On the memory of M. Edward King;
drown'd in the Irish Seas.*

I Like not tears in tune, nor do I prize
His artificial grief who scans his eyes.
Mine weep down pious beads : but why should I
Confine them to the Muses Rosary ?
I am no Poet here ; my pen's the spout
Where the Rain-water of mine eyes runs out
In pitie of that Name, whose fate we see
Thus copi'd out in griefs Hydrography.
The Muses are not Mair-maids ; though upon
His death the Ocean might turn *Helicon*.
The Sea's too rough for verse ; who rhimes upon't
With *Xerxes* strives to fetter th' *Hellepont*.
My tears will keep no channel, know no laws
To guid their streams ; but (like the waves their cause)
Run with disturbance, till they swallow me
As a description of his miserie.
But can his spacious virtue find a grave
Within th' impostum'd bubble of a wave ?
Whose learning if we sound, we must confels'
The Sea but shallow, and him bottomless.
Could not the Winds to counter-maund thy death,
With their whole card of Lungs redeem thy breath ?
Or some new Island in thy rescue peep,
To heave thy resurrection from the deep ?
That so the world might see thy safety wrought
With no less wonder than thy self was thought.
The famous *Stagarite*, who in his life
Had nature as familiar as his wife,

Be-

Bequeath'd his Widow to survive with thee,
 Queen Dowager of all Philosophie.
 An ominous Legacy, that did portend
 Thy fate, and Predecessours second end!
 Some have affirm'd, that what on earth we find
 The sea can parallel in shape, and kind:
 Books, arts, and tongues were wanting, but in thee
 Neptune hath got an Universitie.

We'l dive no more for pearls, the hope to see
 Thy sacred reliques of mortality
 Shall welcome storms, and make the Sea-men prize
 His shipwrack now more than his merchandize.
 He shall embrace the waves, and to thy Tomb
 As to a *Royaller Exchange* shall come.
 What can we now expect? water, and fire,
 Both elements our ruine do conspire;
 And that dissolves us which doth us compound:
 One *Vatican* was burnt, another drown'd.
 We of the Gown our Libraries must toss,
 To understand the greatness of our loss,
 Be Pupils to our grief, and so much grow
 In learning, as our sorrows overflow.
 When we have fil'd the Rundlets of our eyes,
 We'l issue't forth, and vent such Elegies,
 As that our tears shall seem the *Irish Seas*,
 We floating Islands, living *Hebrides*.

On

Be-

On the same.

Tell me no more of *Stoicks* : canst thou tell
Who't was, that when the waves began to swell,
The ship to sink, sad passengers to call,
[Master we perish] slept secure of all ?
Remember this, and him that waking kept
A mind as constant as he did that slept.
Canst thou give credit to his zeal and love ,
That went to Heaven, and to those flames above
Wrapt in a fiery chariot ? Since I heard
Who't was, that on his knees the Vessel steer'd
With hands bolt up to Heaven, since I see
As yet no sign of his mortality ;
Pardon me, Reader, if I say he's gone
The self same journey in a watry one.

The Hue and Cry after Sir *John Presbyter*.

With Hair in Characters, and Lugs in Text;
 With a splay mouth, & a nose circumflex;
 With a set Ruff of Musket bore, that wears
 Like Cartrages, or linnen Bandileers,
 Exhausted of their sulphurous Contents,
 In Pulpit fire-works, which that Bomball vents;
 The *Negative* and *Covenanting* Oath,
 Like two Mustachoes, issuing from his mouth;
 The Bush upon his chin, (like a carv'd story,
 In a Box knot) cut by the *Directory*;
 Madams Confession hanging at his ear, (*Where,*
 Wiredrawn through all the questions, *How* and
 Each circumstance, so in the hearing Felt,
 That when his ears are cropt, he'l count them gelt;
 The sweeping Cassock scar'd into a Jump,
 A sign the *Presbyter's* worn to the stump:
 The *Presbyter*, though charm'd against mischance
 With the *Divine* right of an *Ordinance*.

If you meet any that do thus attire 'em,

Stop them, they are the tribe of Adoniram.

What zealous Frenzie did the *Senate* seize,
 That tare the *Rotchet* to such Rags as these?

Episcopacy minc'r, Reforming *Tweed*

Hath sent us *Rants*, even of her Churches breed;

Lay-interlining *Clergy*, a Device

That's nick-name to the stuff call'd *Lops* and *Lire*.

The Beast at wrong end branded, you may trace

*

The

The Devills footsteps in his cloven Face.
 A Face of severall Parishes and sorts,
 Like to a Sergeant shav'd at Inns of Court.
 What mean the *Eldders* else, those Kirk *Dragons*,
 Made up of *Ears* and *Ruffs* like *Ducatoons*?
 That *Hierarchy* of *Handicrafts* begun?
 Those new *Exchange-men* of *Religion*?
 Sure they're the *Antick heads*, which plac'd without
 The Church, go gape and disembogue a spout:
 Like them above the *Commons House*, have bin
 So long without, now both are gotten in;
 Then, what Imperious in the Bishop sounds,
 The same the Scotch Executor rebounds.
 This stating *Prelacy*, the *Classick Rout*,
 That spake it often, ere it spake it out.

*So by an Abbies Skeleton of late,
 I heard an Eccho Supererogate
 Through imperfection, and the voice restore,
 As if she had the hicop o're and o're.*

*Since they our mixt Diocesans combine
 Thus to ride double in their Discipline;
 That Pauls shall to the Consistory call
 A Dean and Chapter out of Weavers-Hall,
 Each at the Ordinance for to assist
 With the five thumbs of his groat-changing Fist.*

*Down Dagon Synod with thy motley ware,
 whilst we do swagger for the Common-Prayer.
 That Dove-like Embassie, that wings our sence
 To heavens gate in shape of innocence:*

Pray

*Pray for the Miter'd Authors, and defie
These Demicasters of Divinity.*

*For where Sir John with Jack-of-all-trades joyns,
His Finger's thicker than the Prelat's Loyns.*

The Antiplatonick.

FOR shame, thou everlasting Woer,
Still saying Grace, and never falling to her!
Love that's in Contemplation plac't,
Is *Venus* drawn but to the Walt.

Unlesse your Flame confesse its Gender,
And your Parley cause surrender;
Y'are Salamanders of a cold desire,
That live untouch't amid the hottest fire,

What though she be a Dame of stone,
The Widow of *Pigmalion* ;
As hard and un-renting She,
As the new-crufted *Niobe*;
Or what doth more of Statue carry
A Nunne of the Platonick Quarrey?
Love melts the rigor which the rocks have bred,
A Flint will break upon a Feather-bed.

For shame you pretty Female Elves,
Cease for to Candy up your selves:
No more, you Sectaries of the Game,
No more of your calcining flame.

Women Commence by *Cupids* Dart;
As a Kings Hunting dubs a Hart.
Loves Votaries inthrall each others soul,
Till both of them live but upon Paroll.

Vertue's no more in Women-kind
But the green-sicknesse of the mind.
Philosophy, their new delight,
A kind of Charcoal Appetite.
There's no Sophistry prevails,
Where all-convincing Love assails:
But the disputing Petticoat will Warp,
As skilfull Gamesters are to seek at Sharp.

The souldier, that man of Iron,
Whom Ribs of *Horror* all inviron;
That's strung with Wire, in stead of Veins,
In whose imbraces you're in chains,
Let a Magnetick Girle appear,
Straight he turns *Cupids* Cuiraseer.
Love storms his lips, and takes the Fortresse in,
For all the Brisled Turn-pikes of his chin.

Since Loves Artillery then checks
The Breast-works of the firmest Sex,
Come let's in Affections Riot,
Th'are sickly pleasures keep a Diet.
Give me a Lover bold and free,
Not Eunuch't with Formality;
Like an Embassador that beds a Queen,
With the Nice Caution of a sword between.

Vpon an Hermaphrodite.

Sir, or Madame, chuse you whether,
Nature twist'd you both together :
And makes thy soul two garbes confesse,
Both Petticoat and Breeches dresse.
Thus we chastise the God of *Wine*,
With water that is Feminine,
Untill the cooler Nymph abate
His wrath, and so con corporate.
Adam till his rib was lost;
Had both Sexes thus ingroft:
When Providence our Sire did cleave,
And out of *Adam* carved *Eve*,
Then did man 'bout Wedlock treat,
To make his body up compleat:
Thus Matrimony speaks but *Thee*
In a grave solemnity.
For man and wife make but one right
Canonicall *Hermaphrodite*.
Ravell thy body, and I find
In every limb a double kind.
Who would not think that head a pair,
That breeds such faction in the hair?
One halfe so churlish in the touch,
That rather then indure so much,
I would my tender limbs apparell
In *Regulus* his nailed barrell:

A

But

But the other halfe so small,
 And so amorous withall,
 That *Cupid* thinks each hair doth grow
 A string for his invis'ole bow.
 When I look babies in thine eyes,
 Here *Venus*, there *Adonis* lies.
 And though thy beauty be high noon,
 Thy Orbe contains both Sun and Moon.
 How many melting kisses skip
 'Twixt thy Male and Female lip?
 'Twixt thy upper brush of hair
 And thy nether beards despair.
 When thou speak'st, I would not wrong
 Thy sweetnesse with a double tongue:
 But in every single sound
 A perfect Dialogue is found.
 Thy breasts distinguish one another;
 This the sister, that the brother.
 When thou joyn'st hands, my eare still fancies
 The Nuptiall sound, I *John* take *Frances*:
 Feel but the difference, soft, and rough;
 This a Gantlet, that a Muffe:
 Had sly *Ulysses*, at the sack
 Of *Troy* brought thee his Pedlers pack,
 And weapons too to know *Achilles*
 From King *Nicomedes Phillis*,
 His plot had fail'd; this hand would feel
 The Needle, that the warlike steel.

When

When musick doth thy pace advance,
 Thy right leg takes thy left to dance.
 Nor is't a Galliard danc'd by one,
 But a mixt dance, though alone:
 Thus every heteroclite part
 Changes gender, but thy heart.
 Nay those which modest can mean,
 And dare not speak, are Epicœne;
 That Gamester needs must overcome,
 That can play both *Tib* and *Tom*.
 Thus did Natures mintage vary,
 Coyning thee a *Philip and Mary*.

*The Authors Hermaphrodite, made after
 Mr. Randolphs death, yet inserted into his
 Poems.*

PRobleme of Sexes; must thou likewise be
 As disputable in thy Pedigree?
 Thou twins-in-one, in whom Dame Nature tries
 To throw lesse then Aumes-ace upon two Dice:
 Wer't thou serv'd up two in one dish, the rather
 To split thy Sire into a double father?
 True, the worlds scales are even: what the main
 In one place gets, another quits again.
 Nature lost one by thee, and therefore must
 Slice one in two, to keep her number just:

When

A 2

Plurality

Plurality of livings is thy state,
 And therefore mine must be improprieate.
 For, since the child is mine, and yet the claim
 Is intercepted by anothers name,
 Never did steeple carry double truer,
 His is the Donative, and mine the Cure.
 Then say my Muse (and without more dispute)
 Who 'tis that fame doth superinstitute.
 The *Theban* Wittall, when he once descries,
Iove is his rivall, falls to sacrifice :
 That name hath tipt his hornes: see, on his knees,
 A health to Hans-en-Kelder *Hercules*.
 Nay sublunary Cuckolds are content
 To entertain their Fate with complement;
 And shall not he be proud, whom *Randolph* daigns
 To quarter with his Muse both Arms and Brains?
 Grammercy Gossip, I rejoyce to see
 Shee'th got a leap of such a Barbary.
 Talk not of hornes, horns are the Poets Crest.
 For since the Muses left their former nest,
 To found a *Nunnery* in *Randolphs* quill,
 Cuckold *Pernassus* is a forked hill.

But stay, I've wak't his dust, his Marble stirs,
 And brings the worms for his Compurgators.
 Can Ghost have naturall sonnes? say *Ogg*, is't meet,
 Penance bear date after the winding sheet?
 Were it a *Phenix* (as the double kind
 May seem to prove, being there's two combin'd)

It would disclaim my right: and that it were
 The lawfull issue of his althes, swear.
 But was he dead? did not his soul translate
 Her self into a shop of lesser rate?
 Or break up house, like an expensive Lord,
 That gives his purse a sob, and lives at board?
 Let old *Pythagoras* but play the Pimp,
 And still there's hopes 't may prove his bastard imp.
 But I'me prophane; For grant the world had one,
 With whom he might contract an union,
 They two were one, yet like an Eagle spread,
 I'th body joyn'd, but parted in the head.
 For you my brat, that pose the Porph'ry Chair,
 Pope *John*, or *Ioan*, or whatsoere you are,
 You are an nephew, grieve not at your state,
 For all the world is illegitimate.
 Man cannot get a man, unlesse the Sun
 Club to the act of generation.
 The sun and man get man, thus *Tom* and I
 Are the joynt fathers of thy Poetry.
 For since (blest shade) this Verse is Male, but mine
 O'th' weaker Sex, a fancie Foeminine:
 Wee'l part the child, and yet commit no slaughter,
 So shall it be thy Son, and yet my daughter.

Square-Cap.

Come hither *Apollo's* bouncing Girle,
 And in a whole *Hippocrene* of Sherry
 Let's drink a round till our brains do whirl,
 Tuning our pipes to make our selves mecry:
 A Cambridge-Ladle, *Venus*-like, born of the froth
 Of an old half-fill'd Jug of Barley broth,
 She, she is my Mistris, her Suiters are many,
 But shee'l have a *Square-cap* if ere she have any.

And first for the Plush-sake the *Monmouth-cap* comes,
 Shaking his head like an empty bottle;
 With his new-fangled Oath, *By Jupiters thumbs*,
 That to her health hee'l begin a pottle:
 He tells her that after the death of his Grannam,
 He shall have--- God knows what *per annum*:
 But still she replies, good Sir La-bee,
 If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for mee.

Then Calot-*Leather-cap* strongly pleads,
 And fain would derive the pedigree of fashion:
 The *Antipodes* weare their shoes on their heads,
 And why may not we in their imitation?
 Oh, how this foot-ball noddle would please,
 If it were but well tost on *S. Thomas* his Lees.
 But still she replied, &c.

Next

Next comes the Puritan in a *wrought-Cap*,
 With a long-wasted conscience towards a Sister,
 And making a Chappell of Ease of her lap,
 First he said grace, and then he kilt her.
 Belov'd, quoth he, thou art my Text,
 Then falls he to Use and Application next:
 But then she replied, you^r Text (Sir) I'll be,
 For then I'm sure you'll ne'r handle me.

But see where *Sattin-Cap* scouts about, (marry,
 And faine would this wench in his fellowship
 He told her how such a man was not put out,
 Because his wedding he closely did carry.
 Hee'l purchase Induction by Simony,
 And offers her money her Incumbent to be.
 But still she replied, good Sir La-bee,
 If ever I have a man *Square-cap* for me.

The Lawyer's a Sophister by his *round-cap*,
 Nor in their fallacies are they divided;
 The one milks the pocket, the other the rap,
 And yet this wench he fain would have bridged.
 Come leave these thred-bare Schollers, quoth he,
 And give me livery and season of thee:
 But peace *John-a-Nokes*, and leave your Oration,
 For I never will be your Impropriation.
 I pray you therefore good Sir La-bee;
 For if ever I have a man *Square-cap* for me.

*Vpon Phillis walking in a morning before Sun-
rising.*

THe sluggish morn, as yet undrest,
My *Phyllis* brake from out her East;
As if shee'd made a match to run
With *Venus*, Usher to the Sun.
The trees, like Yeomen of her Guard,
Serving more for pomp, then ward,
Bank'd on each side with loyall duty,
Weave branches to inclose her beauty.
The Plants whose luxury was lopt,
Or age with crutches underpropt;
Whose wooden carkases are grown
To be but coffins of their own;
Revive, and at her generall dole
Each receives his ancient soul.
The winged Choristers began
To chirp their Mattins: and the Fan
Of whistling winds, like Organs, plai'd,
Untill their Voluntaries made
The wakned earth in odours rise,
To be her morning-Sacrifice.
The flowers, call'd out of their beds,
Start, and raise up their drowlie heads;
And he that for their colour seeks,
May find it vaulting in her cheeks,

Where

un- Where Roses mix: no civill war
 Between her *York* and *Lancaster*.
 The Marigold, whose Courtiers face
 Ecchoes the Sun, and doth unlace
 Her at his rise, at his full stop
 Packs, and shuts up her gawdy shop;
 Mistakes her kue, and doth display:
 Thus *Phyllis* antidates the day.

These miracles had cramp't the Sun,
 Who thinking that his Kingdom's won,
 Powders with light his frizled locks,
 To see what Saint his lustre mocks.
 The trembling leaves through which he plaid,
 Dapling the walk with light and shade,
 Like lattice-windows, give the spie
 Room but to peep with half an eye;
 Least her full Orb his sight should dim,
 And bids us all good-night in him,
 Till she would spend a gentle ray,
 To force us a new-fashion'd day.
 But what religious Palsie's this
 Which makes their boughs divest their Bliss
 And that they might her footsteps straw,
 Drop their leaves with shivering awe.
Phyllis perceives, and (least her stay
 Should wed October unto May;
 And as her beauty caus'd a Spring,
 Devotion might an Autume bring)

With-drew her beams, yet made no night,
But left the Sun her curate light.

*Vpon a Miser that made a great feast, and the
next day died for grief.*

NOr 'scapes he so: our dinner was so good,
My liquorish Muse cannot but chew the cood:
And what delight she took i'th' invitation,
Strives to tast o're again in this relation.

After a tedious Grace in *Hopkins* rithme,
Not for devotion, but to take up time,
March't the train'd-band of dishes usher'd there,
To shew their postures, and then *as they were*.
For he invites no teeth, perchance the eye
He will afford the Lovers gluttony;
This is a feast, a muster, not a fight,
Our weapons not for service but for fight.

But are we Tantaliz'd? is all this meat
Cook'd by a Limner, for to view, not eat?
Th' Astrologers keep such *Houfes* when they sup
On joynts of *Taurus*, or their heavenly Tup.
Whatever feasts he made are sum'd up here,
His table vyes not standing with his cheare.
His Churchings Christ'nings, in this meal are all,
And not transcrib'd, but i'th Originall.

Christmas

Christmas is no Feast moveable : for loe
 The self-same dinner was ten years ago:
 'Twill be immortall if it longer stay,
 The Gods will eat it for *Ambrosia*.

But stay awhile, unlesse my whinyard fail,
 Or it enchanted, I'll cut off th' intail.
Saint George for England then: have at the mutton,
 When the first cut calls me blood-thirsty glutton:
 What *Ajax* with his anger quod I'd brain
 Killing a sheep, thought *Agamemnon* slain:
 The fiction's now prov'd true; wounding his rost,
 I lamentably butcher up mine host.

Such sympathy is with his meat, my weapon
 Makes him an Eunuch, when it ca ves his Capon.
 Cut a Goose-leg, and the poor soul for moan
 Turns Creeple too, and aster stands on one.

Have you not heard th' abominable sport
 A *Lancaster* Grand Jury will report?
 The souldier with his Morglay watcht the Mill,
 The cats they came to feast, when lusty *Will*
 Whips off great Puffles leg, which by some charm
 Proves the next day such an old womans arm:
 'Tis so with him, whose carkase never 'scapes,
 But still we flash him in a thousand shapes.
 Our serving-men like Spaniells rang, to spring
 The fowl which he hath clockt under his wing.
 Should he on Widgeon, or on Woodcock feed,
 It were (*Thyestes* like) on his own breed.

To

To pork he pleads a superstition due,
 But not a mouth is muzzled by the Jew.
 Sawces we should have none had he his wish,
 The Oranges i'th margent of the dish.
 He with such Hucsters tells them o're and o're,
 The *Hesperian* Dragon never watcht them more.

But being eaten now into despair,
 Having nought else to do, he falls to prayer.
 As thou didst once put on the form of Bull,
 And turnst thy *Jo* to a lovely Mull,
 Defend my rump great *Jove*, grant this poor beef
 May live to comfort me in all this grief.
 But no *Amen* was said: See, see it comes,
 Draw boys, let Trumpets sound, & strike up Drums.
 See how his blood doth with the gravy swim,
 And every trencher has a limb of him.
 The Ven'sons now in view, our hounds spend deeper,
 Strange Deer, which in the Pasty hath a Keeper
 Stricter then in the Park, making his guest
 (As he had stoln't alive) to steal it drest:
 The scent was hot, and we pursuing faster,
 Then *Ovids* pack of dogs e're chas'd their Master,
 A double prey at once may seize upon,
Actaon and his Case of Venison:

Thus was he torn alive. To vex him worse
 Death serves him up now as a second course.

Should we, like *Thracians*, our dead bodies eat,
 He would have liv'd only to save his meat.

A young Man to an old Woman Courting him.

PEace Beldam *Eve*; surcease thy suit :
 There's no temptation in such fruit.
 No rotten Medlers, whilst there be
 Whole Orchards in Virginity.
 Thy stock is too much out of date
 For tender plants t' inoculate.
 A match with thee, thy bridegroom fears,
 VVould be thought Int'rest in his years,
 Which when compar'd to thine, become
 Odd money to thy Grandam summe.
 Can Wedlock know so great a curle
 As putting husbands out to Nurse?
 How *Pond* and *Rivers* would mistake,
 And cry new Almanacks for our sake?
 Time sure hath wheel'd about his year,
December meeting *Janiveer*.
 Th' Egyptian Serpent figures time,
 And stript, returns unto his Prime :
 If my affection thou would'st win,
 First cast thy Hieroglyphick skin.
 My modern lips know not (alack)
 The old Religion of thy smack.
 I count that primitive embrace,
 As out of fashion as thy face.
 And yet so long 'tis since thy fall,
 Thy Fornications Classicall.

Our

Our sports wil differ:thou may'st play,
Leero, and I *Alphonso* way.

I'me no Translator; have no vein
 To turn a woman young again:
 Unlesse you'l grant the Tailor's due,
 To see the forebodies be new:
 I love to wear cloaths that are flush.
 Not prefacing old rags with plush:
 Like Aldermen, or Monster-Sheriffs,
 With Canvas backs, and velvet sleeves.
 And just such discord there would be
 Betwixt thy Skeleton and me.

Go study salve and Treacle, ply
 Your tenants leg, or his fore eye;
 Thus Matrons purchase credit, thank
 Six penni-worth of Mountebank.
 Or chew thy cood on some delight
 Thou takest in thy *Eighty Eight*.
 Or be but bedrid once, and then
 Thou'lt dream thy youthfull sins agen.
 But if thou needs wilt be my Spouse,
 First hearken, and attend my Vowes.
 "When *Aetnas* fires shall undergo
 "The penance of the *Alps* in snow,
 "When *Sol* at one blast of his horn
 "Posts from the *Crab* to *Capricorn*,
 "When th' Heavens shuffle all in one,
 "The Torrid with the Frozen *Zone*;

When

"When all these contradictions meet,

"Then (*Sybill*) thou and I will greet.

"For all these families do hold

"In my young heat and thy dull cold;

"Then if a Feaver be so good

"A Pimp, as to inflame thy bloud,

Hymen shall twist thee, and thy Page

The distinct Tropicks of mans age.

Well (Madam time) be ever bald,

I'll not thy Perywig be call'd.

I'll never be 'stead of a lover,

An aged Chronicles new cover.

To Mrs. K. T. who ask't him why he was dumb.

STay, should I answer (Lady) then
 In vain would be your question.
 Should I be dumb, why then again
 Your asking me would be in vain.
 Silence nor speech (on neither hand)
 Can satisfy this strange demand.
 Yet since your will throws me upon
 This wished contradiction,
 I'll tell you how I did become
 So strangely (as you hear me) dumb.

When

Ask

Ask but the Chap-falne Puritan,
 'Tis zeal that tongue-ties that good man:
 For heat of Conscience, all men hold,
 Is th' only way to catch their cold.
 How should loves zealot then forbear
 To be your silenc'd Minister?
 Nay your religion, which doth grant
 A worship due to you my Saint,
 Yet counts it that devotion wrong
 That does it in the vulgar tongue.
 My ruder words wou'd give offence
 To such an hallow'd excellence;
 As th' English Dialect would vary
 The goodnesse of an *Ave Mary*.

How can I speak, that twice am checkt
 By this and that Religious Sect?
 Still dumb, and in your face I spie
 Still cause, and still Divinity.
 As soon as blest with your salute,
 My manners taught me to be mute:
 For, least they cancell all the blisse
 You sign'd with so divine a kisse,
 The lips you seal must needs consent
 Unto the tongues imprisonment.
 My tongue in hold, my voice doth rise
 (With a strange *E-la* to my eyes;
 Where it gets bail, and in that sense
 Begins a new-found Eloquence.

Oh

Oh listen with attentive sight
 To what my prating eyes indite:
 Or (Lady) since 'tis in your choice,
 To give, or to suspend my voice,
 With the same key set ope the door
 Wherewith you lockt it fast before;
 Kisse once again, and when you thus
 Have doubly been miraculous,
 My Muse shall write with Handmaids duty
 The Golden Legend of your beauty.

He, whom his dumbnesse now confines,
 But mean- to speak the rest by signs.

I. C.

*A Faire Nymph scorning a Black Boy Courting
 her.*

Nymph. **S**Tand off, and let me take the air,
 Why should the smoak pursue the fair?

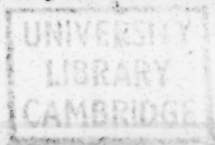
Boy. My face is smoak, thence may be guest
 What flames within have scorched my brest.

Nymph. The flame of love I cannot view,
 For the dark Lanthorn of thy hue.

Boy. And yet this Lanthorn keeps loves Taper
 Surer then yours, that's of white paper.

B

What-



Whatever midnight hath been here,
The Moon-shine of your light can clear.

Nymph. My Moon of an Eclipse is 'fraid,
If thou shouldst interpose thy shade.

Boy. Yet one thing (sweet-heart) I wil ask,
Buy me for a new false Mask.

Nymph. Yes: but my bargain shall be this,
I'le throw my Mask off when I kisse.

Boy. Our curl'd imbraces shall delight
To checquer limbs with black, and white.

Nymph. Thy ink, my paper, make me guesse,
Our Nuptiall bed will make a Presse;
And in our sports if any came,
They'l read a wanton Epigram

Boy. Why should my black thy love impair?
Let the dark shop commend thy ware :
Or if thy love from black forbears,
I'le strive to wash it off with tears.

Nymph. Spare fruitlesse tears, since thou must needs
Still wear about thee mourning weeds.
Tears can no more affection win,
Then wash thy Ethiopian skin.

*A Dialogue between two Zealots, upon the &c. in
the Oath.*

SIR Roger, from a zealous piece of Freeze,
Rais'd to a Vicar of the Childrens threes;
Whose yearly Audit may, by strict accompt,
To twenty Nobles, and his Vails amount;
Fed on the Common of the small charity,
Untill the Scots can bring about their parity;
So shotten, that his soul, like to himself,
Walks but in *Querpo*: this same Clergy Elf,
Encount'ring with a Brother of the Cloth,
Fell presently to Cudgells with the Oath.
The Quarrell was a strange mis-shapen Monster,
&c. (God bleſſe us) which they conſter,
The brand upon the buttock of the Beast,
The Dragons tail ti'd on a knot, a neſt
Of young *Apocryphaes*, the faſhion
Of a new mentall Reſervation.

While Roger thus divides the text, the other
Winks and expounds, ſaying, My pious brother,
Hearken with reverence; for the point is nice,
I never read on't, but I faſted twice,
And ſo by Revelation know it better
Then all the learn'd Idolaters o'th' Letter.
With that he ſwell'd, and fell upon the Theam,
Like great *Goliath* with his Weavers beam:

I say to thee &c. thou li'st,
 Thou art the curled lock of Antichrist:
 Rubbish of *Babel*, for who will not say
 Tongues were confounded in &c.?
 Who swears &c. swears more oaths at once
 Than *Cerberus* out of his triple Sconce.
 Who views it well, with the same eye beholds
 The old half Serpent in his numerous foulds.
 Accurst &c. thou, for now I scent
 What lately the prodigious Oysters meant.
 Oh *Booker*, *Booker*, how cam'st thou to lack
 This sign in thy prophetick Almanack?
 It's the dark Vault wherein th' infernall plot
 Of powder 'gainst the State was first begot.
 Peruse the Oath, and you shall soon descry it
 By all the Father *Garnets* that stand by it.
 'Gainst whom the Church, whereof I am a Member,
 Shall keep another fifth day of November.
 Yet here's not all, I cannot half untruss
 &c. it's so abominous.
 The *Trojan* Nag was not so fully lin'd,
 Unrip &c. and you shall find
 Og the great Commissary, and which is worse,
 Th' Apparatour upon his skew-bald horse.
 Then (finally my Babe of Grace) forbear,
 &c. will be too far to swear:
 For 'tis (to speak in a familiar stile)
 A York-shire Wea-bit, longer then a mile.

Then

Then *Roger* was inspir'd, and by Gods-diggers,
 Hee'l swear in words at large, and not in figures,
 Now by this drink, which he takes off, as loth
 To leave &c. in his liquid Oath.
 His brother pledg'd him, and that bloudy wine,
 He swears shall seal the Synods *Cataline*.
 So they drunk on, not offering to part
 Till they had quite sworn out th' eleventh quart:
 While all that saw and heard them, joyntly pray,
 They and their Tribe were all &c.

Smeectymnuns, or the Club-Divines.

S*meectymnuns*? the Goblin makes me start:
 I ch' Name of Rabbi *Abraham*, what art?
Syriack? or *Arabick?* or *Welsh?* what skilt?
 Ap all the Bricklayers that Babel built.
 Some Conjurer translate, and let me know it:
 Till then 'tis fit for a West-Saxon Poet,
 But do the brother-hood then play their prizes,
 Like Mummers in Religion with disguises?
 Out-brave us with a name in Rank and File,
 A Name which if 'twere train'd would spread a mile?
 The Saints Monoply, the zealous cluster,
 Which like a Porcupine presents a Muster
 And shoots his quills at Bishops and their Sees,
 A devout litter of young *Maccabees*.

Thus Jack-of-all-trades hath devoutly showne
 The twelve Apostles on a Cherry-stone.
 Thus faction's All-a-Mode in treasons fashion;
 Now we have Heresie by Complication.
 Like to *Don Quixots* Rosary of Slaves
 Strung on a chain; A Murnivall of Knaves
 Packt in a trick; like Gypsies when they ride,
 Or like Colleagues which sit all of a side :
 So the vain Satyrists stand all a row;
 As hallow teeth upon a Lute-string show.
 Th' *Italian* Monster pregnant with his brother,
 Natures *Dyaresis*, half one another,
 He, with his little sides-man *Lazarus*,
 Must both give way unto *Smeetymnus*.
 Next *Sturbridge-Fair* is *Smec's*; for loe his side
 Into a five fold *Lazar's* shmultipl'd.
 Under each arm there's tuckt a double Gyssard,
 Five faces lurk under one single vizzard.
 The Whore of *Babylon* left these brats behind,
 Heirs of confusion by *Gavel-kind*.
 I think *Pythagoras's* soul is rambl'd hither.
 With all the change of Rayment on together:
Smec is her generall Ward-robe, shee'l not dare
 To think of him as of a thorough-fare;
 He stops the Gossopping Dame; alone he is
 The Purlew of a *Metempsuchesis*.
 Like a Scotch mark, where the more modest sense
 Checks the loud phrase, and shrinks to 13. pence:
 Like

Like to an *Ignis fatuus*, whose flame,
 Though sometimes tripartite, joyns in the same:
 Like to nine Taylors, who if rightly spell'd,
 Into one man, are monysyllabled.
 Short-handed zeal in one hath cramped many,
 Like to the Decalogue in a single penny.

See, see, how close the Curs hunt under a sheet,
 As if they spent in Quire, and scan'd their feet;
 One Cure, and five Incumbents leap a truss,
 The title sure must be litigious.

The *Sadduces* would raise a question,
 Who must be *Smec* at the Resurrection.
 Who cook'd them up together were to blame,
 Had they but wyre-drawn, and spun out their name,
 'Twould make another Prentises Petition
 Against the Bishops, and their Superstition.

Robson and *French* (that count from five to five
 As farre as nature fingers did contrive,
 She saw they would be Sessers, that's the cause
 She cleft their hoof into so many claws)
 May tire their Carret-bunch, yet ne're agree
 To rate *Smeetyminius* for Polemonie.

Caligula, whose pride was mankind's bail,
 As who disdain'd to murder by retail;
 Wishing the world had but one generall Neck,
 His glutton blade might have found game in *Smec*.
 No Eccho can improve the Author more,
 Whose lungs paies use on use to half a score.

No Fellon is more letter'd, though the brand
Both supercribes his shoulder and his hand.
Some Welch-man was his God-father, for he
Wears in his name his Genealogy:

The Banes are askt, would but the times give way,
Betwixt *Smetymnus* and *Et cetera*.

The Guests invited by a friendly Summons,
Should be the Convocation, and the Commons.

The Priest to tie the Foxes tails together,
Moseley, or *Sancta Clara*, chuse you whether.

See, what an off-spring every one expects!

What strange pluralities of men and Sects?

One saies hee'l get a Vestery, another

Is for a Synod: Bet upon the Mother.

Faith cry *St. George*, let them go to't, and stickle,
VVhether a Conclave, or a Conventicle.

Thus might Religions caterwaul, and spight,
Which uses to divorce, might once unite.

But their crosse fortunes interdict their trade,
The Groom is Rampant, but the Bride displai'd.

My task is done, all my hee-Goats are milkt;

So many Cards, it'h stock, and yet be bilkt?

I could by letters now untwist the rabble;

Whip *Smeck* from Constable to Constable.

But there I leave you to another dressing,

Only kneel down, and take your Fathers blessing.

May the *Queen-Mother* justifie your fears,

And stretch her Patent to your leather-ears.

The

The Mixt Assembly.

FLeabitten Synod, an Assembly brew'd
 Of Clerks and Elders *and*, like the rude
 Chaos of Presbyt'ry, where Lay-men guide
 With the tame Woolpack Clergy by their side.
 Who askt the Banes 'twixt these discolour'd Mates?
 A strange *Grotesco* this, the Church and States
 (Most divine tick-tack) in a pye-bald crew,
 To serve as table-men of divers hue.
 She that conceiv'd an *Aethiopian* heir
 By picture, when the parents both were fair,
 At sight of you had born a dappled son,
 You chequering her 'magination.
 Had *Jacobs* flock but seen you sit, the dams
 Had brought forth speckled & ringstreaked lambs.
 Like an Impropropriators Motley kind,
 Whose Scarlet Coat is with a Cassock lin'd.
 Like the Lay-thief in a Canonick weed,
 Sure of his Clergy e're he did the deed.
 Like *Royston* Crows, who are (as I may say)
 Friars of both the Orders *Black* and *Gray*.
 So mixt they are, one knows not whethers thicker,
 A Layre of *Burgeffe*, or a Layre of *Vicar*.
 Have they usurp'd what Royall *Indab* had?
 And now must *Levi* too part stakes with *Gad*?

The

The Scepter and the Croſier are the Crutches,
Which if not truſted in their pious Clutches,
Will fail the Cripple State. And were't not pity
But both ſhould ſerve the yardwand of the City ?
That *Iſaac* might ſtroak his beard, and ſit
Judge of *eis*, *ad* and *Elegerit*.

Oh that they were in chalk and charcole drawn !
The Miſſelany Satyr, and the Fawn,
And all the Adulteries of twiſted nature
But faintly repreſent this ridling feature,
Whoſe Members being not tallies, they'l not own
Their fellows at the Reſurrection.
Strange ſcarlet Doctōrs theſe, they'l paſſe in ſtory
For ſinners half reſin'd in Purgatory;
Or parboyl'd Lobſters, where there joyntly rules
The fading Sables, and the coming Gules.
The flea that *Falſtaffe* damn'd, thus lewdly ſhews
Tormented in the flames of *Bardolphs* Noſe,
Like him that wore the Dialogue of Cloaks,
This ſhoulder *John-a-Styles*, that *John-a-Noaks*.
Like Jews and Chriſtians in a ſhip together,
With an old Neck-verſe to diſtinguiſh either.
Like their intended Diſcipline to boot,
Or whatſoe're hath neither head nor foot :
Such may their ſtrip-tuſſe hangings ſeem to be,
Sacrilege matcht with Codpeece-ſymony;
Be ſick and dream a little, you may then
Phanſie theſe Linſie-Woolſie Veſtry-men.

Forbear

Forbear good *Pembroke*, be not over-daring,
Such company may chance to spoil thy swearing :
And these Drum-Major oaths of Bulk unruly,
May dwindle to a feeble *By my truly*.

He that the Noble *Percyes* blood inherits,
Will he strike up a *Hot-spur* of the spirits?
Hee'l fright the *Obadiahs* out of tune,
With his uncircumcised *Algernoon*:

A name so stubborn, 'tis not to be scan'd
By him in *Gath* with the six finger'd hand.

See, they obey the Magick of my words.
Presto; they're gone, and now the House of Lords
Looks like the wither'd face of an old hagg
But with three teeth, like to a triple gagg.

A Jig, a Jig; and in this Antick dance
Fielding, and doxy *Marshall* first advance.
Twiss blows the Scotch pipes, and the loving brase
Puts on the traces, and treads Cinqu-a-pace.

Then *Say and Seal* must his old hamstrings supple,
And he and rumpl'd *Palmer* make a couple.

Palmer's a fruitfull girle, if hee'l unfold her,
The Midwife may find work about her shoulder.

Kimbolton that rebellious *Boanerges*,
Must be content to saddle Doctor *Burges*.

If *Burges* get a clap, 'tis ne're the worse,
But the fift time of his Compurgators.

Nol Bowls is coy; good sadnesse, cannot dance
But in obedience to the Ordinance.

Her

Her *Wharton* wheels about till *Mumping Lidy*,
 Like the full Moon, hath made his Lordship giddy.
Pym and the *Members* must their giblets levy
 T' incounter Madam *Smec* that single Bevy.
 If they two truck together; will not be
 A Childbirth, but a Goal-delivery.
 Thus every *Gibeline* hath got his *Guelph*,
 But *Selden*, hee's a Galliard by himself,
 And well may be; there's more Divines in him
 Then in all this their Jewish *Sanhedrim*:
 Whose Canons in the forge shall then bear date
 When Mules their Cofin-Germanes generate.
 Thus *Moses* Law is violated now,
 The Ox and Ass go yok'd in the same plough:
 Resign thy Coach-box *Twisse*; *Brook's* Preacher, he
 Would fort the beasts with more conformity.
 Water & earth make but one globe, a Roundhead
 Is Clergy-Lay *Party-per-pale* compounded.

The Kings Disguise.

AND why a Tenant to this vile disguise, (eyes?
 Which who but sees, blasphemes thee with his
 My twins of light within their pent-house shrink,
 And hold it their Allegiance now to wink.
 Oh for a State-distinction, to arraign
Charles. of high Treason 'gainst my Sovereign.
 What

What an usurper to his Prince is wont,
 Cloyster and shave him, he himself hath don't.
 His muffled feature speaks him a recluse,
 His ruines prove him a religious house.
 The Sun hath mew'd his beams from off his lamp,
 And Majesty defac'd the Royall stamp.
 Is't not enough thy Dignity's in thrall,
 But thou'lt transmute it in thy shape and all?
 As if thy Blacks were of too faint a die,
 Without the tincture of Tautology.
 Flay an Egyptian for his Cassock skin
 Spun of his Countrey's darknesse, line't within,
 With Presbyterian budge, that drownsie trance,
 The Synod sable, foggy ignorance.
 Nor bodily nor ghostly Negro could
 Rough-cast thy figure in a sadder mould:
 This Privie-chamber of thy shape would be
 But the Close mourner of thy Royalty.
 'Twill break the circle of thy Jailors spell,
 A Pearl within a rugged Oysters shell.
 Heaven, which the Minister of thy Person owns,
 VVill fine thee for Dilapidations.
 Like to a martyr'd Abbeyes courser doom,
 Devoutly alter'd to a Pigeon room:
 Or like the Colledge, by the changeling rabble,
Manchesters Elves; transform'd into a stable.
 Or if there be a prophanation higher,
 Such is the Sacriledge of thine attire.

By

By which th'art half depos'd, thou look'st like one
 Whose looks are under Sequestration.
 Whose Renegado form, at the first glance,
 Shews like the self-denying Ordinance.
 Angell of light, and darknesse too, I doubt,
 Inspir'd within, and yet possess'd without.
 Majestick twilight in the state of grace,
 Yet with an excommunicated face.
Charles and his Mask are of a different mint,
 A Psalm of mercy in a miscreant print.
 The Sun wears Midnight, day is beetle-brow'd,
 And lightning is in Keldar of a cloud.
 Oh the accurst Stenography of fate !
 The Princely Eagle shrunk into a Bat.
 What charm, what Magick vapour can it be
 That shrinks his raies to this Apostasie ?
 It is no subtil film of tiffany ayr,
 No Cob-web vizard, such as Ladies wear,
 When they are veyl'd, on purposed to be seen,
 Doubling their lustre by their vanquisht skreen:
 Nor the false scabberd of a Princes tough
 Metall, and three pil'd darknesse like the slough
 Of an imprisoned flame, 'tis *Faux* in grain,
 Dark Lanthorn to our high Meridian.
 Hell belcht the damp, the *Warwick*-Castle-Vote
 Rang *Britains* Curfeu, so our light went out.
 Thy visage is not legible, the letters,
 Like a Lords name writ in phantastick fetters:

Cloaths

Cloaths where a Switzer might be buried quick,
Sure they would fit the Body Politique.
False beard enough, to fit a stages plot,
For that's the ambush of their wit, God wot:
Nay all his properties so strange appear,
Y'are not i'th' presence, though the King be there.
A Libell is his dresse, a garb uncouth,
Such as the * *Hue* and *Cry* once purg'd at mouth.
Scribling Assassinate, thy lines attest
An ear-mark due, Cub of the Blatant Beast,
Whose wrath before 'tis syllabled for worse,
Is blasphemy unfledg'd, a callow curse.
The Laplanders when they would sell a wind
Wafting to hell, bag up thy phrase, and bind
It to the Barque, which at the voyage end
Shifts Poop, and brings the Collick in the fiend.
But I'll not dub thee with a glorious scar,
Nor sink thy skuller with a Man of War.
The black-mouth'd *Si quis*, and this slandering suit,
Both do alike in picture execute.
But since w'are all call'd Papists, why not date,
Devotion to the rags thus consecrate.
As Temples use to have their Porches wrought
With Sphynxes, creatures of an antick draught,
And puzzling Pourtraitures, to shew that there
Riddles inhabited, the like is here.

But pardon Sir, since I presume to be
Clark of this Closet to your Majesty;

Me

Me thinks in this your dark mysterious dresse
 I see the Gospell coucht in Parables.
 At my next view, my pur-blind fancy ripes
 And shews Religion in its dusky types.
 Such a Text Royall, so obscure a shade
 Vvas *Solomon* in Proverbs all array'd.

Come all ye brats of this expounding age,
 To whom the spirit is in pupillage;
 You that damn more, then ever *Sampson* slew,
 And with his engine, the same jaw-bone too :
 How is't he 'scapes your Inquisition free,
 Since bound up in the Bibles Livery ?
 Hence Cabinet-intruders, Pick-locks hence,
 You that dim Jewells with your Bristoll-sense:
 And Characters, like VVitches, so torment,
 Till they confesse a guilt, though innocent.
 Keyes for this Coffer you can never get,
 None but *S. Peter's* ope's this Cabinet.
 This Cabinet, whose aspect would benight
 Critick spectators with redundant light.
 A Prince most seen, is least: VVhat Scriptures call
 The Revelation, is most mysticall.

Mount then thou shadow royall, and with hast
 Advance thy morning star, *Charles's* overcast.
 May thy strange journey, contradictions twilt,
 And force fair weather from a Scottish mist.
 Heavens Confessors are pos'd, those star-ey'd sages
 To interpret Eclipse, thus riding stages.

Thus

Thus *Israel*-like, he travells with a cloud,
 Both as a conduct to him, and a shroud.
 But oh! he goes to *Gibeon*, and renews
 A league with mouldy bread, and clouted shoos.

The Rebell Scot.

HOW! Providence! and yet a Scottish crew!
 Then Madam, nature wears black patchestoo:
 What? shall our Nation be in bondage thus
 Unto a Land that truckles under us?
 Ring the bells backward; I am all on fire,
 Not all the buckets in a Countrey Quire
 Shall quench my rage. A Poet should be fear'd
 When angry, like a Comets flaming beard.
 And where's the Stoick? can his wrath appease
 To see his Countrey sick of *Pym's* disease
 By Scotch invasion? to be made a prey
 To such Pig-wiggin *Myrmidons* as they?
 But that there's charm in verse, I would not quote
 The name of *Scot*, without an Antidote;
 Unlesse my head were red, that I might brew
 Invention there that might be poyson too.
 Were I a drowsie Judge, whose dismall note
 Disgorgeth halters, as a Juglers throat
 Doth ribbands: could I [in Sir Emp'ricks tone]
 Speak Pills in phrase, and quack destruction.

Or roar like *Marshall*, that *Genevab* Bull,
 Hell and damnation a pulpit full:
 Yet to expresse a *Scot*, to play that prize,
 Not all those mouth-Granadoes can suffice.
 Before a *Scot* can properly be curst,
 I must (like *Hocus*) swallow daggers first.

Come keen *Iambicks*, with your Badgers feet,
 And Badger-like, bite till your teeth do meet.
 Help ye tart Satyrists, to imp my rage,
 With all the Scorpions that should whip this age.
Scots are like Witches; do but whet your pen,
 Scratch til the bloud come; they'l not hurt you then.
 Now as the Martyrs were inforc'd to take
 The shapes of beasts, like hypocrites, at stake,
 I'le bait my *Scot* so; yet not cheat your eyes,
 A *Scot* within a beast is no disguise.

No more let *Ireland* brag, her harmlesse Nation
 Fosters no Venome, since the Scots plantation :
 Nor can ours feign'd Antiquity maintain;
 Since they came in, *England* hath Wolves again.
 The *Scot* that kept the Tower, might have shown
 (Within the grate of his own brest alone)
 The Leopard and the Panther; and ingross
 What all those wild Collegiats had cost.
 The honest High-shoes, in their Termly Fees,
 First to the salvage Lawyer, next to these.
 Nature her self doth Scotch-men beasts confesse,
 Making their Countrey such a wilderness :

A Land, that brings in question and suspense
 Gods omnipresence, but that *Charles* came thence:
 But that *Montrose* and *Crawfords* loyall Band
 Atton'd their sins, and christ'ned half the Land:
 Nor is it all the Nation hath these spots;
 There is a Church, as well as *Kirk* of Scots:
 As in a picture, where the squinting paint
 Shews Fiend on this side, and on that side Saint.
 He that saw Hell in's melancholy dream,
 And in the twilight of his Fancy's theam,
 Scar'd from his sins, repented in a fright,
 Had he view'd Scotland, had turn'd Proselite.
 A Land, where one may pray with curst intent;
 O may they never suffer banishment! (doom;
 Had *Cain* been *Scot*, God would have chang'd his
 Not forc'd him wander, but confin'd him home.
 Like Jews they spread, and as Infection flie,
 As if the Divell had Ubiquity.
 Hence 'tis, they live at Rovers; and desie
 This or that place, Rags of Geography.
 They're Citizens o'th World; they're all in all,
 Scotland's a Nation Epidemicall.
 And yet they ramble not, to learn the Mode
 How to be drest, or how to lisp abroad,
 To return knowing in the Spanish shrug,
 Or which of the Dutch States a double Jug
 Resembles most, in belly, or in Beard:
 (The Card by which the Mariners are stear'd.)

No; the *Scots-Errant* fight, and fight to eat;
 Their *Estrich stomachs* make their *swords* their *meat*:
 Nature with Scots as Tooth-drawers hath dealt,
 Who use to hang their teeth upon their Belt.
 Yet wonder not at this their happy choice;
 The Serpent's fatal still to *Paradise*.
 Sure *England* hath the Hemeroids, and these
 On the North-posture of the patient seize,
 Like Leeches: thus they physically thirst
 After our bloud, but in the cure shall burst.
 Let them not think to make us run o'th' score,
 To purchase Villanage, as once be fore,
 When an Act past, to stroak them on the head,
 Call them good Subjects, buy them Ginger-bread.
 Nor gold, nor Acts of Grace; 'tis steel must tame
 The stubborn *Scot*: A Prince that would reclame
 Rebels by yeelding, doth like him, (or worse)
 Who saddled his own back to shame his horse.

Was it for this you gave your leaner soil,
 Thus to lard *Israel* with *Ægypt's* spoil?
 They are the Gospels Life-guard; but for them,
 The Garrison of new Jerusalem,
 What would the Brethren do? the Cause! the cause!
 Sack possets, and the Fundamentall Laws!
 Lord! what a goodly thing is want of shirts!
 How a Scotch-stomack, and no meat, converts!
 They wanted food, and rayment; so they took
 Religion for their Seamstresse, and their Cook.

Unmask

Unmask them well; their honours and estate,
 As well as conscience are sophisticate.
 Shrive but their Titles, and their money poize,
 A Laird & twenty pound pronounc'd with noise,
 When construed, but for a plain Yeoman go,
 And a good sober two-pence; and well so.
 Hence then you proud Impostors, get you gone,
 You Picts in Gentry and Devotion:
 You scandall to the stock of Verse, a race
 Able to bring the Gibbet in disgrace.
Hyperbolus by suffering did traduce
 The Ostracisme, and sham'd it out of use.
 The Indian that heaven did forswear,
 Because he heard the Spaniards were there,
 Had he but known what Scots in hell had been,
 He would *Erasmus*-like have hung between.
 My Muse hath done. A Voider for the nonce;
 I wrong the Devil, should I pick their bones.
 That dish is his: for when the Scots decease,
 Hell like their Nation feeds on Barnacles.
 A Scot, when from the Gallow-Tree got loose,
 Drops into *Styx*, and turns a Solund-Goose.

The Scots Apostasie.

IS't come to this? what? shal the cheeks of Fame,
 Stretcht with the breath of learned *Lowdōs* name,
 Be flag'd again? and that great piece of sence,
 As rich in Loyalty, as Eloquence,
 Brought to the Test, be found a trick of State?
 Like Chymists tinctures, prov'd adulterate?
 The Devill sure such language did atchieve,
 To cheat our un-fore-warned Grandam *Eve*,
 As this Impostor found out, to besot
 Th' experienc'd *English*, to believe a *Scot*.
 Who reconcil'd the Covenants doubtfull sence?
 The Commons Argument, or the Cities pence?
 Or did you doubt, persistance in one good
 Would spoil the Fabrick of your Brotherhood,
 Projected first in such a forge of sin,
 Was fit for the grand Devills hammering?
 Or was't ambition, that this damned fact
 Should tell the world you know the sins you act?
 The infamie this super-treason brings,
 Blasts more then murders of *your sixty Kings*.
 A crime so black, as being advis'dly done,
 Those hold with this no competition.
Kings only suffer'd then, in this doth lie
 Th' Assasination of *Monarchy*.
 Beyond this sin no one step can be trod,
 If not t' attempt deposing of your God.

Oh

Oh were you so engag'd, that we might see
 Heavens angry lightning 'bout your ears to flee,
 Til you were shrivel'd to dust; and your cold Land
 Parcht to a drougt, beyond the *Lybian* sand!
 But 'tis reserv'd, and til heaven plague you worse,
 Be Objects of an Epidemick curse.

First, may your brethren, to whose viler ends
 Your pow'r hath banded, cease to count you friends;
 And prompted by the dictate of their reason,
 Reproach the *Traitors*, though they hug the *treas*.
 And may their Jealousies increafe and breed,
 Till they confine your steps beyond the *Tweed*.
 In forraign Nations may your loath'd name be
 A stigmatizing brand of Infamy;
 Till forc'd by generall hate, you cease to roame
 The world, and for a plague go live at home:
 Till you resume your poverty, and be
 Reduc'd to beg, where none can be so free
 To grant; and may your scabby Land be all
 Translated to a generall Hospitall.

Let not the Sun afford one gentle ray,
 To give you comfort of a Summers day;
 But, as a Guerdon for your traiterous War,
 Live cherisht only by the Northern Star.

No stranger deign to visit your rude Coast,
 And be to all, but banisht men, as lost.

And such in height'ning of th' infliction due,
 Let provok'd Princes send them all to you.

Your State a Chaos be, where not the Law,
 But Power, your Lives and Liberties may awe.
 No Subject 'mongst you keep a quiet breast,
 But each man strive through blood to be the best;
 Till, for those miseries on us you've brought,
 By your own sword our just revenge be wrought.
 To sum up all---let your *Religion* be,
 As your *Allegiance*, mask'd hypocrisie:
 Untill, when *Charles* shall be compos'd in dust,
 Perfum'd with Epithetes of *Good* and *Just*;
 HE sav'd; incens'd Heaven may have forgot
 T' afford one act of mercy to a *Scot*;
 Unless that *Scot* deny himself, and do
 (Whats easier far) renounce his *Nation* too.

Rupertismus.

O That I could but vote my self a Poet !
 Or had the Legislative knack to do it !
 Or, like the Doctors Militant, could get
 Dub'd at adventures Verser Banneret !
 Or had I *Cacus* trick to make my Rimes
 Their own Antipodes, and track the times:
Faces about, saies the *Remonstrant* spirit ;
 Allegiance is Malignant, Treason Merit:
Huntington-colt, that pos'd the Sage Recorder,
 Might be a Surgeon now, and passe by Order :
 Had

Had I but *Elſing's* gift (that ſplay-mouth'd brother)
 That declares one way, and yet means another:
 Could I but write a-ſquint; then (Sir) long ſince
 You had been ſung, *A Great and Glorious Prince*.
 I had obſerv'd the Language of the daies;
 Blaſphem'd you; and then Periwig'd the Phraſe
 With humble ſervice, and ſuch other Fuſtian,
 Bells which ring backward in this great combuſtion.
 I had revil'd you, and without offence,
The Literall, and Equitable Sence
 Would make it good: when all fails, that wil dot;
 Sure that diſtinction cleſt the Devill's foot.
 This were my Dialect, would your Highneſs pleaſe
 To read me but with Hebrew Spectacles;
 Interpret Counter, what is Croſſe rehears'd:
 Libells are commendations, when revers'd.
 Juſt as an Optique Glaſſe contracts the ſight
 At one end, but when turn'd doth multiply't.
 But you're enchanted, Sir; you're doubly free
 From the great Guns, and ſquibbing Poetry:
 Whom neither Bilbo, nor Invention pierces,
 Proof even 'gainſt th' Artillery of Verſes.
 Strange! that the Muſes cannot wound your Mail;
 If not their Art, yet let their Sex prevail.
 At that known Leaguer, where the Bonny Beſſes
 Supplied the bow-ſtrings with their twiſted treſſes,
 Your ſpels could ne're have fenc'd you: ev'ry arrow
 Had launc'd your noble breaſt: & drunk the marrow:
For

For beauty, like white powder makes no noise;
 And yet the silent Hypocrite destroys.
 Then use the Nuns of *Helicon* with pity,
 Lest *Wharton* tell his Gossips of the City,
 That you kill women too; nay maids, and such
 Their *Generall* wants *Militia* to touch.
 Impotent *Essex*! is it not a shame
 Our Common-wealth, like to a *Turkish Dame*,
 Should have an *Ennuch*-Guardian? may she be
 Ravish'd by *Charles*, rather then sav'd by thee.
 But why, my Muse, like a Green-sickness-Girl,
 Feed'st thou on coals and dirt? a Gelding Earl
 Gives no more relish to thy Female Palat,
 Then to that Ass did once the Thistle-Sallat.
 Then quit the barren Theme; and all at once
 Thou and thy sisters like bright *Amazons*,
 Give *Rupert* an alarm, *Rupert*? one
 Whose name is wit's Superfoetation.
 Makes fancy, like *Ennuch*'s round womb,
 Unite all Valour, present, past, to come.
 He, who the old Philosophy controuls,
 That voted down plurality of souls
 He breaths a grand Committee; all that were
 The wonders of their Age, constellate here.
 And as the elder sisters growth and sence
 (Souls Paramount themselves) in man commence
 But faculties of reasons Queen; no more
 Are they to him, who were compleat before.

Ingre-

Ingredients of his vertue thread the Beads
 Of *Cesar's* Acts, great *Pompey's* and the Sweds:
 And 'tis a bracelet fit for *Rupert's* hand,
 By which that vast *Triumvirate* is span'd.
 Here, here is *Palmestry*; here you may read
 How long the world shal live, & when't shal bleed.
 Whatever man winds up, that *Rupert* hath: ;
 For nature rais'd him of the *Publike Faith*,
Pandora's brother, to make up whose store,
 The Gods were fain to run upon the score.
 Such was the Painters Brieve for *Venus* face;
Item an eye from *Jane*, a lip from *Grace*.
 Let *Isaac* and his Cit'z. flea of the place
 That tips their Antlets for the Calf of Stace;
 Let the zeal twanging Nose, that wants a ridge,
 Snuffling devoutly, drop his silver bridge:
 Yes, and the Gossips spoon augment the sum,
 Although poor *Caleb* lose his Christendome:
Rupert out-weighs that in his sterling self,
 Which their self-wants paies in commuting pelf.
 Pardon, great Sir; for that ignoble crew
 Gains, when made bankrupt in the scales with you.
 As he, who in his character of light
 Stil'd it *Gods shadow*, made it far more bright
 By an Eclipse so glorious; (light is dim,
 And a black nothing, when compar'd to him:)
 So 'tis illustrious to be *Ruperts* foil,
 And a just Trophee to be made his spoil.

I'll

I'll pin my faith on the *Diurnalls* sleeve
 Hereafter, and the *Guild-Hall* Creed beleve;
 The Conquests which the Common-Councel hears
 With their wide list'ning mouths from the great
 That ran away in triumph: such a Foe (Peers,
 Can make them victors in their overthrow.
 Where providence and valour meet in one,
 Courage so poiz'd with circumspection,
 That he revives the quarrell once again
 Of the souls throne, whether in heart or brain;
 And leaves it a drawn match: whose fervour can
 Hatch him, whom Nature poach'd but half a man.
 His Trumpet, like the Angell's at the last,
 Makes the soul rise by a miraculous blast.
 'Twas the Mount *Athos* carv'd in shape of man
 (As 't was defin'd by th' *Macedonian*)
 Whose right hand should a populous Land contain,
 The left should be a Channell to the main:
 His spirit might inform th' Amphibious figure;
 Yet straight-lac'd sweats for a Dominion bigger:
 The terrour of whose name can out of seven,
 (Like *Falstaffe's* Buckram-men) make fly eleven.
 Thus some grow rich by breaking; Vipers thus
 By being slain, are made more numerous.
 No wonder they'l confesse no losse of men;
 For *Rupert* knocks'em, till they gig agen.
 They fear the Giblets of his train; they fear
 Even his Dog, that four leg'd *Cavalier*:

He

He that devours the *scraps*, which *Lundsford* makes,
 Whose picture feeds upon a child in stakes:
 Who name but *Charles*, he comes aloft for him,
 But holds up his Malignant leg at *Pym*.
 'Gainst whom they've severall Articles in soufe;
 First, that he barks against the sence o'th House.
Resolv'd Delinquent, to the Tower straight;
 Either to th' Lions, or the Bishops Grate.
 Next, for his ceremonious wag o'th tail:
 But there the Sisterhood will be his Bail,
 At least the Countesse will, *Lust's Amsterdam*,
 That lets in all religious of the game.
 Thirdly, he smells Intelligence, that's better,
 And cheaper too, then *Pym's* from his own Letter:
 Who's doubly paid (fortune or we the blinder?)
 For making plots, and then for Fox the finder.
 Lastly, he is a Divel without doubt;
 For when he would lie down, he wheels about;
 Makes circles, and is couchant in a ring,
 And therefore score up one for conjuring. (quarter!
 What canst thou say, thou wretch? O Quarter,
 P'me but an Instrument, a meer *S. Arthur*.
 If I must hang, O let not our fates vary,
 Whose office 'tis alike to fetch, and carry.
 No hopes of a reprieve, the mutinous stir
 That strung the Jesuite, will dispatch a cur.
 Were I a Devill, as the Rebell fears,
 I see the House would try me by my Peers.

There

There *Jowler*, there! ah *Jowler*! 'tis nought
 Whate'er th' Accusers cry, they're at a fault;
 And *Glyn*, and *Maynard* have no more to say,
 Then when the glorious *Strafford* stood at Bay.

Thus Labells but annex'd to him we see,
 Enjoy a copyhold of Victory.

S. Peters shadow heal'd; *Ruperts* is such,
 'Twould find *S. Peters* work, yet wound as much.
 He gags their guns, defeats their dire intent,
 The Cannons do but lisp and complement.
 Sure *Jove* descended in a leaden shower
 To get this *Persens*: hence the fatall power
 Of that is strangled: bullets thus alli'd,
 Fear to commit an act of Parricide.

Go on brave Prince, and make the world confesse,
 Thou art the greater world, and that the lesse.
 Scatter th' accumulative King; untruss
 That five-fold fiend, the States *Smeety-munus*;
 Who place Religion in their Velam-ears;
 As in their Phylacters the Jews did theirs.
England's a Paradise (and a modest Word)
 Since guarded by a Cherub's flaming Sword.
 Your name can scare an Athiest to his prayers;
 And cure the Chin-cough better then the bears.
 Old *Sybill* charms the Tooth-ach with you: *Nurse*
 Makes you stil children; nay & the pond'rous curse
 The Clowns salute with, is deriv'd from you;
 (Now *Rupert* take thee, *Rogue*, how dost thou do?)

In

In fine, the name of *Rupert* thunders so,
Kimbolton's but a rumbling Wheel-barrow.

Epitaph on the Earle of Strafford.

Here lies Wise and Valiant Dust,
 Huddled up 'twixt Fit and Just:
Strafford, who was hurried hence
 'Twixt Treason and Convenience.
 He spent his time here in a Mist;
 A *Papist*, yet a *Calvinist*.
 His Prince's nearest Joy, and Grief.
 He had, yet wanted all Relief.
 The Prop and Ruine of the State;
 The people's violent Love, and Hate:
 One in extreams lov'd and abhor'd.
 Riddles lie here; or in a word,
 Here lies Bloud; and let it lie
 Speechlesse still, and never cry.

Epitaphi-

Epitaphium *Thomæ Comitis Straffordii*, &c.

Ecce Cinis, tuumq; solus qui potis es, scribe Epitaphiū:

Nequit Wentworthi non esse facundus vel Cinis.

Effare Marmor: & quem existi comprehendere,
Macte & Expressere.

Candidius meretur urna, quàm quod rubris
Notatum est literis, Elogium.

Atlas Regiminis Monarchici hęc jacet lassus:
Secunda Orbis Britannici intelligentia:

Rex Politicę, & *Prorex* Hibernię,
Straffordii, & *Virtutum*, Comes:

Mens Jovis, *Mercurii* ingenium, & *lingua* Apollinis;
Cui Anglia Hiberniam debuit, seipsam Hibernia.

Sydus Aquilonicum, quo sub rubicundâ vespere occidente,
Nox simul & dies visa est: dextręque oculo flevit,
*Lævo*que letata est Anglia.

Theatrum Honoris, itẽmque *Scena* calamitosa virtutis
Actoribus, morbo, morte, & invidiâ,
Quę ternis animosa Regnis non vicit tamen,
Sed oppressit.

Sic inclinavit *Heros* (non minus) *Caput*
Bellę (vel sic) multorum *Capitum*:

Mercēs favoris *Scotici*, præter pecunias:
Erubuit ut tetigit *securis*,

Similem quippe nunquam degustavit sanguinem.

Monstrum narro: fuit tam insensus *Legibus*,
Ut prius *Legem*, quàm nata foret, violavit:

Hunc tamen non sustulit *Lex*,
Verũ *Necessitas*, non habens *Legem*.
Abi *Viator*, cætera memorabitur posteris.

On the Archbishop of Canterbury.

I Need no Muse to give my passion vent,
 He brews his tears that studies to lament.
 Verse chymically weeps, that pious rain
 Distill'd with Art, is but the sweat o' th' brain.
 Who ever sob'd in numbers? can a groan
 Be quaver'd out by soft division?
 'Tis true, for common formall Elegies,
 Not *Busbells* Wells can match a Poets eyes
 In wanton water-works: hee'l tune his tears
 From a *Geneva* Jig up to the Sphears.
 But when he mourns at distance, weeps aloof,
 Now that the Conduit head is our own roof,
 Now that the Fate is publique, we may call
 It *Britains* Vespers, *Englands* Funerall.
 Who hath a Penfill to expresse the Saint,
 But he hath eyes too, washing off the paint?
 There is no learning but what tears surround
 Like to *Seths* Pillars in the Deluge drown'd.
 There is no Church, Religion is grown
 From much of late, that shee's increast to none;
 Like an Hydropick body full of Rhewms,
 First swells into a bubble, then consumes.
 The Law is dead, or cast into a trance,
 And by a Law dough-bak't, an Ordinance.

The *Lyturgy*, whose doom was voted next,
 Died as a Comment upon him the text.
 There's nothing lives, life is since he is gone,
 But a Nocturnall Lucubration.
 Thus you have seen deaths inventory read
 In the sum totall.--*Canterburie's dead*,
 A sight would make a Pagan to baptize
 Himself a Convert in his bleeding eyes.
 Would thaw the rabble, that fieree beast of ours,
 (That which *Agena*-like weeps and devours)
 Tears that flow brackish from their souls within,
 Not to repent, but pickle up their sin.
 Mean time no squalid grief his look defiles,
 He guilds his sadder fate with noble smiles.
 Thus the worlds eye with reconciled streams
 Shines in his showers as if he wept his beams.
 How could successe such villanies applaud?
 The state in *Strafford* fell, the Church in *Land*:
 The twins of publike rage, adjudg'd to die,
 For Treasons they should act, by Prophecy.
 The facts were done before the Laws were made,
 The trump turn'd up after the game was plaid.
 Be dull great spirits, and forbear to climbe,
 For worth is sin, and eminence a crime.
 No Church-man can be innocent and high,
 'Tis height makes *Grantham* steeple stand awry.

On I. W. A. B. of York.

SAY, my young Sophister, what think'st of this?
Schimera's reall; *Ergo falleris.*

The Lamb and Tyger, Fox and Goose agree,
 And here concorp'rate in one Prodigie.
 Call an *Harnuspex* quickly; let him get
 Sulphur and Torches, and a Lawrell wet,
 To purifie the place, for sure the harms
 This monster will produce, transcend his Charms,
 'Tis Natures Master-piece of error, this;
 And redeems whatever she did amiss,
 Before, from wonder and reproach, this last
 Legitimateth all her by-blows past.

Loe here a Generall Metropolita n
 An Arch-Prelatique Presbyterian.
 Behold his pious Garbs, Canonique Face,
 A zealous *Episcopo-mastix* Grace;
 A fair blew-apron'd Priest, a Lawn-sleev'd brother,
 One Leg a Pulpit holds, a Tub the other.
 Let's give him a fit name now, if we can,
 And make th' Apostate once more Christian.
Proteus we cannot call him; he put on
 His change of shapes by a Succession;
 Nor the *Welch Weather-cock*; for that we find,
 At once doth only wait upon the wind:

These speak him not; but if you'l name him right,
 Call him *Religious Hermaphrodite*.
 His head i'th sanctified mould is cast,
 Yet sticksth' abominable Miter fast,
 He still retains the *Lordship* and the *Grace*,
 And yet has got a reverend Elders place.
 Such acts must needs be his, who did devise
 By crying Altars down, to sacrifice
 To private malice; where you might have seen
 His conscience holocausted to his spleen.
 Unhappy Church! the Viper that did share
 Thy greatest honours, helps to make thee bare,
 And void of all thy dignities and store.
 Alas! thine own son proves the Forrest-boar;
 And like the Dam-destroying Cuckow, he,
 When the thick shell of his Welsh pedigree,
 By thy warm fost'ring bounty did divide
 And open, strait thence sprung forth parricide:
 As if 'twas just revenge should be dispatch
 In thee, by th' Monster, which thy self hadst hatcht.
 Despair not though; in Wales there may be got,
 As well as Lincolnshire an antidote,
 'Gainst the foul'st venom he can spit, though's head
 Were chang'd from subtill gray to poy's'nous red.
 Heaven with propitious eyes will look upon
 Our party, now the cursed thing is gone;
 And chastise Rebels, who nought else did miss
 To fill the measure of their sins, but his;

Whole

Whose soul unparallel'd apostasie,
 Like to his sacred character, shall be
 Indelible; when ages then of late
 More happy grown, with most impartiall fate,
 A period to his daies and time shall give,
 He by such Epitaphs as this shall live.

*Here Yorks great Metropolitane is laid,
 Who Gods Anointed, and his Church betraid,*

Marke Anthony.

When as the Nightingale chanted her Vespers,
 And the wild Forester couch'd on the
Venus invited me in th' Evening whispers, (ground,
 Unto a fragrant field with Roses crown'd:
 Where she before had sent
 My wishes complement;
 Unto my hearts content,
 Plaid with me on the Green.
 Never Mark Anthony
 Dallied more wantonly
 With the fair Egyptian Queen.

First on her cherry cheeks I mine eys feasted,
 Then fear of surfeiting made me retire:
 Next on her warm lips, which when I tasted,
 My duller spirits made active as fire.

Then we began to dart
 Each at anothers heart,
 Arrows that knew no imart:
 Sweet lips and smiles between.
 Never Mark, &c.

Wanting a glasse to plate her amber tresses,
 Which like a bracelet rich decked mine arm;
 Gawdier then *Juno* wears, when as she graces
Jove with embraces more stately then warm.

Then did she peep in mine
 Eyes humour Chrystalline;
 I in her eyes was seen,
 As if we one had been.
 Never Mark, &c.

Mysticall Grammar of amorous glances,
 Feeling of pulses the Physick of Love,
 Rhetoricall courtings, and Musickall Dances;
 Numbring of kisses Arithmetick prove.

Eyes like Astronomy,
 Streight limb'd Geometry:
 In her hearts ingy
 Our wits are sharp and keen.
 Never Mark, &c.

The Authors Mock-Song to Marke Anthony.

(tins
When as the Night-raven sung Pluto's Mat-
 And *Cerberus* cried three Amens at a houl.
 When night-wandering Witches put on their pat-
 Midnight as dark as their faces are foul: (tins,
 Then did the furies doom
 That the night-mare was come;
 Such a mis-shapen Groom
 Puts down *Su. Pomfret* clean.
 Never did Incubus
 Touch such a filthy *Sus*,
 As this foul Gypsie Quean.

First on her goosberry cheeks I mine eyes blasted;
 Thence fear of vomiting made me retire
 Unto her blewer lips, which when I tasted,
 My spirits were duller then Dun in the mire.
 But then her breath took place,
 Which went an ushers pace,
 And made way for her face;
 You may guesse what I mean.
 Never did Incubus
 Touch such a filthy *Sus*,
 As this foul Gypsie Quean.

Like Snakes ingendring were plated her tresses,
Or like the slimy streaks of ropy ale;
Uglier then Envy wears, when she confesses
Her head is periwig'd with adders tail.

But as soon as she spake,
I heard a harsh Mandrake:
Laugh not at my mistake,
Her head is Epiccene.
Never did, &c:

Myfticall Magick of conjuring wrinkles,
Feeling of pulses, the Palmeftry of Hags,
Scolding out belches for *Rhetorick* twinckles,
With three teeth in her head like to three gags.

Rainbows about her eys,
And her nose weather-wise,
From them th' Almanack lies,
Frost, Pond, and Rivers clean.
Never did, &c.

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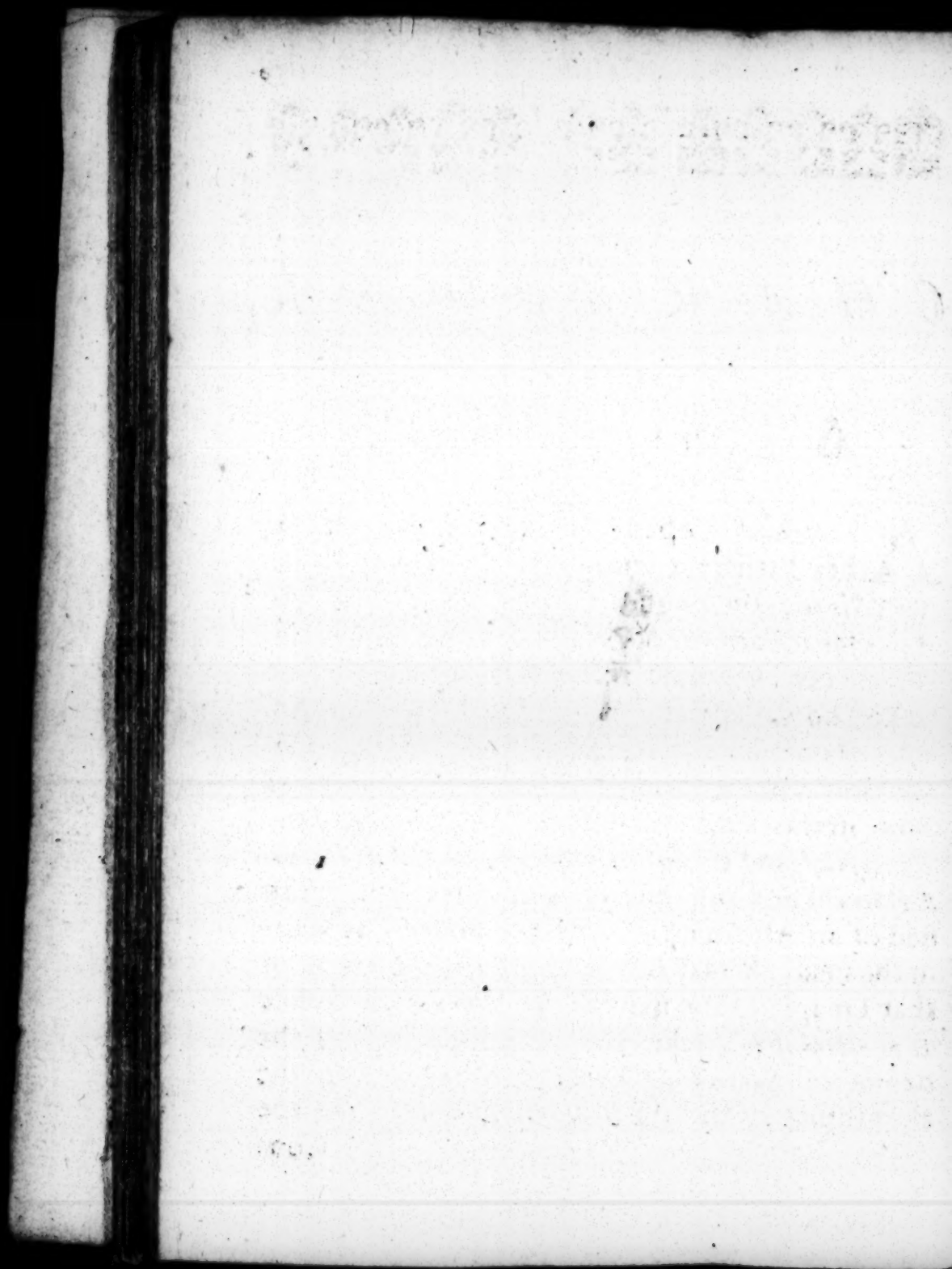
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T H E
C H A R A C T E R
O F
A London-Diurnall.

A *Diurnall* is a puny Chronicle, scarce pin-feather'd with the wings of time: It is an History in *Sippets*; the English *Iliads* in a Nut-shell; the *Apocryphal* Parliaments book of *Maccabees* in single sheets. It would tire a Welch pedigree, to reckon how many aps 'tis remov'd from an Annall: For it is of that Extract; only of the younger House, like a Shrimp to a Lobster. The *originall* *suner* in this kind was Dutch; *Galliobelgicus* the *Protoplast*; and the *modern Mercuries* but *Hans-en-Kelders*. The Countesse of *Zealand* was brought to bed of an Almanack; as many Children, as daies in the year. It may be the *Legislative Lady* is of that Linage; so she spawns the *Diurnals*, and they at *Westminster*, take them in Adoption, by the names of *Scoticus*, *Civicus*, *Britanicus*. In the Frontispice of the old *Beldame-Diurnall*, like the
Con-

Contents of the Chapter, fits the House Commons judging the twelve Tribes of *Israel*. You may call them the Kingdoms Anatomy before the weekly Kalender: For such is a *Diurnall*, the day of the moneth, with what weather in the Commonwealth. 'Tis taken for the pulse of the Body politike; and the Emperick Divines of the Assembly, those spirituall *Dragooners*, thumb it accordingly. Indeed it is a pretty *Synopsis*; and those grave *Rabbies* (though in point of *Divinity*) trade in no larger Authors. The country-Carrier, when he buyes it for the Vicar, miscalls it the *Urinall*: yet properly enough; for it casts the water of the State, ever since it staled blood. It differs from an *Audicus*, as the Devill and his Exorcist; or as a Black Witch doth from a white one, whose office is to unravell her enchantments.

It begins usually with an Ordinance, which is a Law still-born, dropt, before quickned by the Royall Assent: 'Tis one of the Parliaments by-blowes, ((Acts being legitimate) & hath no more Syre then a Spanish Gennet, that's begotten by the wind.

Thus their *Militia* (like its patron *Mars*) is the issue only of the mother, without the concurrence of Royall *Jupiter*. Yet Law it is, if they vote it, though in defiance of their *Fundamentalls*; like the old *Sexton*, who swore his Clock went true, what ever the Sun said to the contrary.

The

The next *Ingredient* of a *Diurnall* is plots, horrible plots; which with wonderfull sagacity it hunts dry-foot, while they are yet in their Causes, before *Materia prima* can put on her smock. How many such fits of the mother have troubled the Kingdoms, and (for all Sir *Walter Erle* looks like a Man-Midwife) not yet delivered of so much as a cushion! But Actors must have their Properties; And, since the Stages were voted down, the onely Play-house is at *Westminster*.

Sutable to their plots are their Informers, *Skip-pers* and *Tailors*; Spaniells both for the Land and the Water: *Good conscionable Intelligence!* For, however *Pym's* Bill may inflame the reckoning, the honest *Vermine* have not so much for lying as the *publike Faith*.

Thus a zealous Butcher in *Morefields*, while he was contriving some *Quirpo-cut* of Church-Government, by the help of his out-lying Eates, and the *Othacousticon* of the Spirit, discovered such a plot, that *Selden* intends to combat Antiquity, and maintain it was a Taylors Goose that preserved the *Capitol*.

I wonder my Lord of *Canterbury* is not once more all-to-betraytor'd for dealing with the Lions, to settle the *Commission of Array* in the Tower. It would do well to cram the Articles Dormant, besides the opportunity of reforming those
Beasts

Beasts of the Prerogative, and changing their profane names of *Harry* and *Charles*, into *Nehemiah* and *Eleazer*.

Suppose a Corn-cutter, being to give little *Isaac* a cast of his Office, should fall to paring his Brows, mistaking the one end for the other; because he branches at both. This would be a plot; and the next *Diurnall* would furnish you with this Scale of Votes.

Resolved upon the Question, that this Act of the Corn-cutters was an absolute Invasion of the Cities Charter, in the representative Forehead of *Isaac*. *Resolved*, that the evill Councillours about the Corn-cutter are Popishly affected, and Enemies to the State. *Resolved*, that there be a publique Thanksgiving for the great deliverance of *Isaac's* Brow-antlers; and a solemn Covenant drawn up, to defie the Corn-cutter, and all his works.

Thus the *Quixots* of this Age fight with the Windmills of their own heads; quell Monsters of their own creation, make plots, and then discover them; as who fitter to unkennell the Fox, then the Tarryer, that is a part of him.

In the third place march their Adventures; the *Roundheads* Legend, the Rebels Romance; stories of a larger size, then the Ears of their Sect; able to strangle the belief of a *Solidian*.

I'll present them in their Order; and first, as a Whiffe-

Whiffler before the show, enter *Stamford*, one that trod the Stage with the first, travers'd his ground, made a leg and *Exit*. The Countrey-people took him for one, that by Order of the Houses was to dance a Morice through the West of *England*. Well, hee's a nimble Gentleman, set him but upon *Banks* his Horse in a saddle Rampant, and it is a great question, which part of the Centaur shews better tricks.

There was a Vote passing to translate him, with all his Equipage into Monumentall-Ginger-bread; but it was cross'd by the Female-Committee, alledging that the Valour of his Image would bite their children by the tongues.

This Cubit and an half of Commander, by the help of a *Diurnall*, routed his enemies fifty miles off: 'tis strange you'l say, and yet it is generally believed, he would as soon do it at that distance, as nearer hand. Sure it was his sword, for which the weapon salve was invented: that so wounding and healing, like loving *Correlates*, might both work at the same removes.

But the Squib is run to the end of the Rope. Room for the *Prodigy of Valour*, *Madam Atropos* in breeches, *Waller's* Knight-errantry: and, because every *Mountibank* must have his *Zany*, throw him in *Haslerigge*, to set off his story: these two like *Bel* and the *Dragon*, are alwaies worshipped in the same Chapter: they hunt in their Couples, what

what one doth at the head, the other scores up at the heel.

Thus they kill a man over and over, as *Hopkins* and *Sternhold* murder the Psalms, with another tune the same; one chimes all in, and then the other strikes up, as the Saints-bell.

I wonder, for how many lives my Lord *Hopton* soul took the Lease of his body.

First, *Stamford* slew him: then *Waller* out-killed that half a Bar: and yet it is thought the fullest corps would scarce bleed, were both these Marston slayers never so near it.

The same goes of a Dutch-Heads-man, that he would do his office with so much ease and dexterity that the Head after execution should stand firm upon the shoulders: pray God Sir *William* be no Probationer for the place. For, as if he had the like knack too; most of those, whom the *Diurnal* hath slain for him, to us poor Mortals seem untoucht.

Thus these Artificers of Death can kill the man, without wounding the body, like Lightning that melts the Sword, and never tinges the Scabbard.

This is the *William*, whose Lady is the Conqueror; This is the *Cities Champion*, and the *Diurnal Delight*; he, that Cuckolds the Generall in his Commission: for, he stalks with *Effex*, and shoots under his belly, because his Excellency himself

no

not charged there. Yet in all this triumph there is a Whip and a Bell: translate but the Scene to Round-away-down: There Haslerigg's Lobsters were turned into Crabs, and crawl'd backwards: there poor Sir William ran to his Lady for a use of consolation.

But the *Diurnal* is weary of an arm of Flesh, and now begins an *Hosanna* to *Crummel*, one that hath beat up his Drums clean thorow the Old Testament: you may learn the Genealogie of our Saviour by the names in his Regiment. The Muster-master uses no other List then the first Chapter of *Matthew*.

With what face can they object to the King the bringing in of Forraigners, when themselves entertain such an Army of *Hebrews*? This *Crummel* is never so valourous, as when he is making Speeches for the Association; which nevertheless he doth somewhat ominously, with his neck awry, holding up his ear, as if he expected *Mahomet's* Pigeon to come and prompt him. He should be a bird of Prey too, by his bloody beak: his Nose is able to try a young Eagle, whether she be lawfully begotten. But all is not Gold that glisters. What we wonder at in the rest of them, is natural to him, To kill without blood-shed: for, most of his Trophies are in a Church-window; when a Looking-glass would shew him more Supersti-

tion. He is so perfect a hater of Images, that he hath defaced God's in his own countenance. If he deal with Men, it is when he takes them napping in an old Monument: Then down goes dust and ashes: and the stoutest Cavalier is no better. *Oliver*? Times Voider, Sub-fizer to the Worms; in whom Death, that formerly devoured our Ancestors, now chews the Cud. He said Grace once, as if he would have fallen aboard with the Marquess of *Newcastle*: Nay, and the *Diurnal* gave you his bill of Fare: but it proved a running-Banquet, as appears by the story. Believe him as he whistles to his *Cambridge*-Teen of Committee-men, and he doth Wonders. But Holy men (like the Holy Language) must be read backwards. They rife Colledges, to promote Learning; and pull down Churches, for Edification. But Sacriledge is intailed upon him: There must be a *Cromwel* for Cathedrals, as well as Abbeys. A secure sinner, whose offence carries its pardon in its mouth: For, How can he be hanged for Church-robbery, which gives it self the benefit of the Clergie?

But for all *Cromwel*'s Nose wears the Dominical letter, yet, compared to *Manchester*, he is but like the *Vigils* to an Holy-day. This, this is the man of God; so sanctified a Thunderbolt, that *Burroughs*, in a proportionable blasphemy to his *Lord of hosts*, would stile him the *Archangel*, giving

giving Battel to the Devil.

Indeed, as the Angels, each of them makes a several *species*; so every one of his Souldiers is a distinct Church. Had these Beasts been to enter into the Ark, it would have puzzled *Noah* to have sorted them into pairs. If ever there were a rope of Sand, it was so many Sects twisted into an Association.

They agree in nothing, but they are all *Adamites* in Understanding. It is the sign of a Coward, to *wink*, and *fight*; yet all their Valour proceeds from their *Ignorance*.

But I wonder whence their General's purity proceeds: it is not by Traduction. If he was begotten a Saint, it was by Equivocal generation: for the Devil in the father, is turn'd Monk in the son: so his Godliness is of the same parentage with good Laws; both extracted out of bad Manners; and would he alter the Scripture, as he hath attempted the Creed, he might vary the Text, and say to Corruption, Thou art my *Father*.

This is he, that hath put out one of the Kingdoms eyes, by clouding our Mother-University; and (if this Scotch mist further prevail) will extinguish this other. He hath the like quarrel to both, because both are strung with the same *Optick nerve*, *Knowing Loyalty*. Barbarous Rebel! who will be revenged upon all Learning, because

his Treason is beyond the Mercy of the Book.

The *Diurnal*, as yet, hath not talkt much of his Victories; but there is the more behinde: For the Knight must always beat the Giant: that's resolv'd. If any thing fall out amiss, which cannot be smothered, the *Diurnal* hath a help at Maw: it is but putting to Sea, and taking a *Danish Fleet* or brewing it with some success out of *Ireland*, and it goes down merrily.

There are more Puppets, that move by the wyre of a *Diurnal*; as *Brereton* and *Gell*; two of *Mars* his Petty-toes; such sniveling Cowards, that it is a favour to call them so. Was *Brereton* to fight with his teeth, as in all other things he resembles the beast, he would have oddes of any man at the weapon: O he's a terrible slaughter-man at a Thanksgiving-Dinner: had he been a *Cannibal*, to have eaten those that he vanquisht, his Gut would have made him valiant.

The greatest wonder is at *Fairfax*, how he comes to be a babe of Grace. Certainly it is not in his personal, but (as the *State-Sophies* distinguish) in his Politick capacity; regenerated *ab extra*, by the zeal of the House he sate in; as *Chickens* are hatcht at *Grand Cairo*, by the adoption of an Oven.

There is the *Woodmonger* too, a feeble crutch to a declining Cause; a new Branch of the old *Oak of Reformation*. And

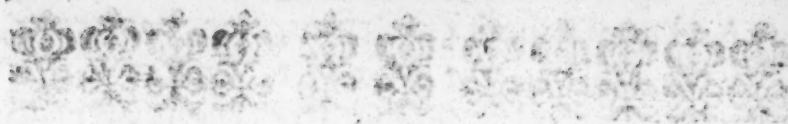
And now I speak of Reformation, *vous avez*
Fox the Tinker, the liveliest Embleme of it that
 may be : For, what did this Parliament ever go
 about to reform, but Tinker-wise, in mending one
 hole, they made three.

But I have not Ink enough to cure all the Tet-
 ters and Ringworms of the State.

I will close up all, thus : The Victories of the
 Rebels are like the Magical Combat of *Apu-*
leius ; who, thinking he had slain all three of
 his Enemies, found them at last but a Triumvirate
 of Bladders. Such, and so empty, are the Tri-
 umphs of a *Diurnal* ; but so many imposthuma-
 ted Fancies, so many Bladders of their own blow-
 ing.

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The





The Character of a
Country-COMMITTEE-MAN,
 With the Ear-mark of a
 SEQUESTATOR.

A Committee-man by his name should be one that is possessed, ther's number enough in the compellation to make an Epithite for Legion; he is *persona in concreto* (to borrow the Solecisme of a modern Statesman) you may translate it by the red bull phrase and speak as properly, enter seven devills *solus*, It is a well trust title that contains both the number and the beast. For a Committee-man is a noun of Multitude, he must be spelled with figures, like Antichrist wrapped in a paire Royal of Sixes, thus the name is as monstrous as the man, a compleat notion of the same linnage with accumulative treason: for his office, it is the resurrection of the Heptarchy or *England* fritters, it is
 the

the broken meat of a Crumbling Prince, onely the Royalty is greater, for it is here, as in the miracle of Loaves the voyder exceeds the Bill of fare, the Pope and he rings the Changes; here is a plurality of Crowns to one head, joyne them together and ther's harmony in discord, the tripple crowned Turn-Key of Heaven, with the tripple headed porter of hell. A Committee-man is the reliques of Regal Government, but like holy reliques he out-bulks the substance whereof he is a remnant, ther's a score of Kings in a Committee as in the reliques of the Crosse, ther's the number of twenty. This is the Gyant with the hundred hands that weilds the Scepter, the tyrannical Beade-Roule by which the Kingdome prays backward, and with a kind of *Rebus*, at every Curse drops a Committee-man. Let *CHARLES* be wayved whose conducing clemency aggravates the defection, and make *Nero* the question, better a *Nero* than a Committee, Ther's lesse execution by a single bullet then by case-shot.

Now a Committee-man is a party coloured Officer, he must be drawn like *Jannus* with Cross and Pile in his countenance, as he relates to the Souldiers, or face about to his fleeing the Country, look upon him Martially and he is a Justice of War; one that hath bound his *Dalton* up in Buff, and will needs be of the *quorum* to the best Com-

Commanders, he is one of *Mars* his Lay-Elders, he shares in the Government, though a Non-conformist to his bleeding Rubick, he is the like Secretary in Arms as the Platonick is in love, keep a flattering in discourse but proves haggard in the action; he is not of the Souldiers and yet of his flock, it is an Emblem of the golden age (and such indeed he makes it) to him, when so tame a Pigeon may commerce with Vulturs. Me thinks a Committee hanging about a Governour, and Bandiliers dangling about a furd Alderman, have an Anagramme resemblance, ther's no Syntax between a Cap of maintenance and a helmet, who ever knew an Enemy routed by a Grand-Jury, and a *billa vera*: It is a left-handed Garison where their authority perches, but the more preposterous the more in fashion; the right-hand fights while the left rules the Reines, the Truth is the Souldier, and the Gentlemen are like *Don-Quicchott* and *Sancho Pancha*, one fights at all adventures to purchase the other the Government of the Island. A Committee-man properly should be the Governour's Matrosse to fit his truckle, and to new-string him with sinnews of War for his chief use, to raise assessments in the neighbouring Wapentake.

The Country-people being like an Irish Cow, that will not give down her milke unless she see her

her Calf before her: Hence it is he is the Garrisons dry Nurse, he chews their contribution before he feeds them, so the poor Souldiers live like *Trochilus* by picking the teeth of this fated Crocodile.

So much for his warlike or ammunition face, which is so preternatural, that it is rather a vizard then a face. *Mars* in him hath but a blinking aspect, his face of Arms is like his *Coate partie per pale*, Souldier and Gentleman much of a scantling.

Now enter his Taxing and deglubing face, a squeezing look like that of *Vespasianus*, as if he were breeding over a close-stool. Take him thus and he is the Inquisition of the purse; an Authentick Gypsie, that nips your bung with a canting Ordinance, not a murdered fortune in all the Country but bleeds at the touch of this Malefactor. He is the spleen of the body politick that swells it self to the Consumption of the whole, at at first indeed he ferretted for the Parliament, but since he hath got off his Cope, he set up for himself, he lives upon the sins of the people, and that's a good standing-dish too, he verifies the Axiom *Eisdem nutriter ex quibus componitur*, his dyet it suitable to his constitution. I have wondered often why the plundered Country-men should repair to him for succor, certainly it is under

der the same notion as one whose pocket is picked goes to *Mol-Cutpurse* as the predominant in that faculty.

He out-dives a Dutch-man, gets a noble of him that was never worth six pence, for the poorest escape not, but Dutch-like he will be dreyn- ing even in the driest ground, he Aliens a Delinquents Estate with as little remorse as his other holiness gives away an Hereticks Kingdome, and for the truth of the Delinquency, both Chapmen have as little share of Infallability. Lye is the Grand Sallad of Arbitrary Government, Executor to the Star-Chamber, and High-Commis- sion; for those Courts are not extinct, they survive in him like Dollary changed into single moneys. To speak the truth he's the universal tribunal: For since these times all causes fall to his Cognizance, as in a great infection all diseases oft turn to the Plague. It concerns our Masters the Parliament to look about them, if he proceeds at this rate, the Jack may come to swallow the Pike; as the Interest often eats out the Principal. As his commands are great so he looks for a reverence accordingly. He is very punctual in exacting your hat, and to say right, it is his due; but by the same title as the upper garment is the vails of the execu- tioners. There was a time when such cattle would have hardly been taken upon suspicion for men in

in office, unless the old Poverb were renewed, that beggers make a free Company, and those their Wardens. You may see what it is to hang together; look upon them severally, and you cannot but fumble for some thrids of charity; But oh they are Tarmagants in conjunction! like Fiddlers who are rogues when they go single; and joyned in consort, gentlemen Musitioners. I care not much if I untwist my Committee-man, and so give him the receipt of this grand Catholican. Take a State Martyr, one that for his good behaviour hath paid the excise of his ears, so suffered Captivity by the Land-Piracy of Ship-money, next a Primitive freeholder, One that hates the King, because he is a Gentleman transgressing the *Magna Charta* of delving *Adam*. Adde to these a mortified Bankerupt that helps out his false Weights with some scruples of Conscience, and with his peremptory scales can doome his Prince with a *Mene tecall*. These with a new Blew-stocking'd Justice lately made of a good basket-hilted Yeoman, with a short-handed Clerk tack't to the Reare of him to carry the Knapfack of his understanding; together with two or three Equivocal Sirs, whose Religion like their Gentility is the Extract of their Acres, being therefore spiritual, because they are earthly; not forgetting the man of the Law, whose corruption gives

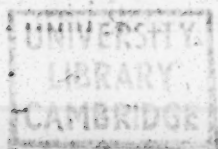
gives the *Hogan* to the sincere Juncto. These are the simples of this pretious Compound, a kinde of Dutch hotch-potch, the *Hogan Mogan* Committee-man.

A Committee-man hath a Side-man, or rather a setter height, a Sequestrator; of whom you may say, as of the great Sultans horse, Where he treads the grass growes no more. He is the States Cormorant, one that fishes for the Publique, but feeds himself, the misery is, he fishes without the Cormorants property, a rope to strengthen the gullet, and to make him disgorge. A Sequestrator! He is the Devils Nuthooke, the signe with him is alwaies in the clutches. Ther's more Monsters retaine to him, then to all the limbs in Anatomie. 'Tis strange Physicians do not apply him to the soles of the feet in a desparate Feaver, he draws far beyond Pigeons: I hope some Mountebank will slice him, and make the Experiment. He is a Tooth-drawer once removed, here's all the difference, one applauds the Grinder, and the other the Grist. Never till now, could I verifie the Poets description, that the ravenous Harpie had a humane visage. Death it selfe cannot quit scores with him. Like the Demoniack in the Gospel he lives among Tombes, nor is all the holy-water shed by Widdows and Orphans a sufficient Exorcism to dispossess him. Thus the Cat sucks
your

your breath, and the Fiend your blood; Nor can the Brotherhood of Witchfinders so sagely instituted with all their terrour, wean the Familiars.

But once more to single out my imboist Committee-man, his Fate (for I know you would fain see an end of him) is either a whipping Audit, when he is wrung in the withers by a Committee of Examinations; and so the sponge weeps out the moisture which he soaked before; Or else he meets his passing peale in the clamorous mutiny of a gut-foundred Garrison; For the Hedge-sparrow will be feeding the Cuckow, till he mistakes his Commons and bite off her head. Whatever 'tis, it is within his desert: for what is observed of some Creatures, that at the same time they trade in productions three stories high, suckling the first, big with the second, and cliketing for the third; A Committee-man is the Counterpoint, his mischief's superfetation, a certain scale of destruction; For he ruins the Father, beggars the Son, and strangles the hopes of all posterity.

FINIS.



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